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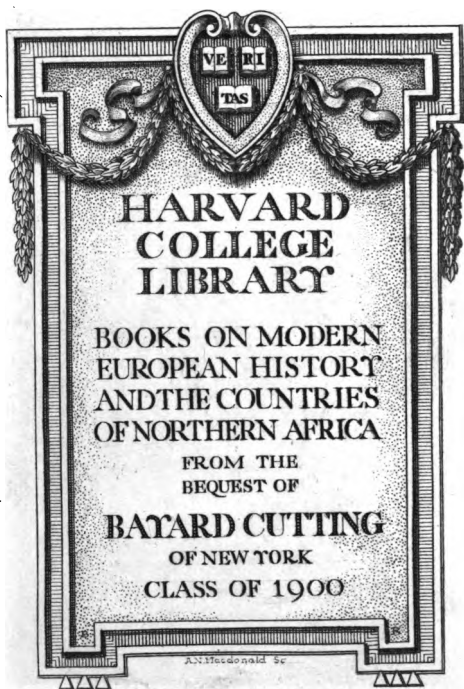
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## *Romance and Teutonic Switzerland*

William Denison McCracken

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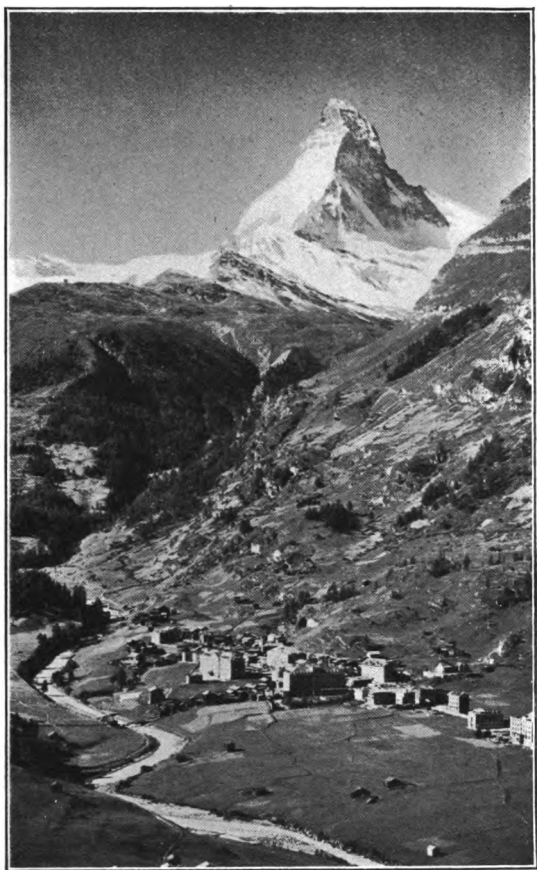
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**ZERMATT AND THE MATTERHORN.**

by

the

2.



# ROMANCE AND TEUTONIC SWITZERLAND

By  
W. D. McCrackan

Author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," "The Fair  
Land Tyrol," "The Italian Lakes," etc.

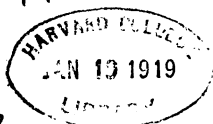
In Two Volumes  
Volume I.  
Romance Switzerland

*New Illustrated Edition*



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(2 vols)*

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Sixth Impression, June, 1907  
Seventh Impression, April, 1910

**This Volume is Dedicated**  
**TO MY DEAR MOTHER**  
**IN MEMORY OF MY CHILDHOOD**  
**AT VEVEY**



## PREFACE.

---

LET me say at once that I have no desire to inflict another guide-book of Switzerland upon the tourist public. It is not my ambition to rival the inimitable Baedeker, but rather to supplement that work with portable companions, which shall add historical and biographical details to each place, and suggest local color and atmosphere. These little volumes on Romance and Teutonic Switzerland are intended to amplify and elucidate, by a series of pen pictures, what mere guide-books can only indicate. For this reason, the harrowing details of hotels and trains are religiously avoided. No tariffs of prices, no discussions about extra candles

or *vin compris*, are tolerated; especially no time-tables, with their smoky and stuffy memories. *Who fares with me must travel fancy free!*

Lest some readers should have their expectations unduly raised at the start by this name, "Romance," given to the first volume, I must explain that the term is applied to those parts of Switzerland, where Roman, or Latin, influences have remained uppermost; that is, to French and Italian Switzerland and the Engadine. If there be any latent romantic element in these chapters, it is doubtless due to the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction."

It is often a source of genuine disappointment to the traveller, to find the Swiss mountaineers so different from what he had expected. He supposes that, living in the midst of magnificent scenery, they must be romantically inclined, venturesome for the sake of adventure, and at all times and

in all places picturesque. He sets up an imaginary type. Every beauty in Nature, he argues, should somehow be reflected by a corresponding good quality in man. But he forgets that, if scenery leaves traces upon character, so do privation, overwork, and bad food.

To be quite frank, the Swiss, as a whole, are the most practical, matter-of-fact, and common-place people in the world.

They are hardy, industrious, and deeply attached to their native soil. Above all, they are possessed of an inborn talent for self-government. It would be resorting to unworthy flattery, to describe them as a handsome race, whether we speak of German, French, Italian, or Romansch Switzerland. In fact, good looks are not common, and real beauty is actually rare. If the Swiss people were what the tourist would like them to be, merely picturesque, they would long ago have been absorbed by the great powers upon their borders, and the

mission of Switzerland, to provide a neutral territory in the midst of Europe, would never have been fulfilled.

Pray, therefore, divest your minds of any lingering, high-flown impressions about chamois-hunters posing on the brink of precipices, in sentimental attitudes. Do not imagine that every Swiss wears a long feather in his cap; that all the girls are bewitching in brilliant costumes, or are likely to worry about your safety, like the maiden in Longfellow's "Excelsior," when she saw the youth pass through her village with his remarkable banner. Switzerland is not at all like a costume ball.

The point of view in these volumes is almost invariably from below the snow line. Those who climb into the serene heights do not need to have their sensations rehearsed for them, nor, it stands to reason, can there be much history, biography, or popular character to describe up there, on the silent wastes of snow.

I have put into these two volumes whatever seemed true, and therefore worthiest, after an acquaintance with Switzerland of many years, extending from my childhood to the present time, having but recently finished the special studies undertaken in connection with my history, "The Rise of the Swiss Republic."

As it is intended to keep these chapters at all times up to date, I beg those who read them to forward me any suggestions, or corrections, they may deem expedient; and to do this, whether in the character of sojourners in the land, or leisurely saunterers, or merely hurrying tourists.

W. D. McCRACKAN.



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Volume I



## ROMANCE SWITZERLAND.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### GENEVA.

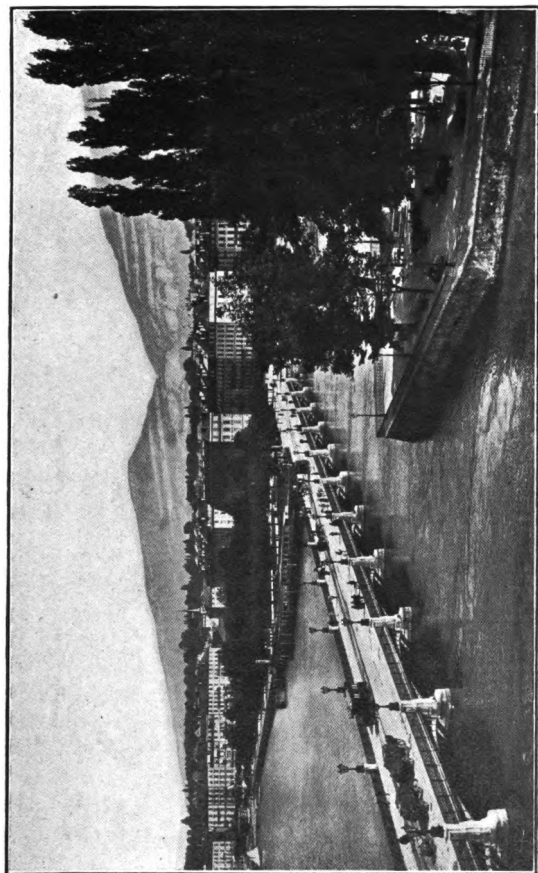
**W**HEN the keen, fair-weather *bise* blows from the northeast, Geneva and its adjacent hillsides look as though they had been washed clean. An incredible purity of atmosphere and brilliancy of color throws the city, mountains, and lake-shores into relief; while an air which stimulates to boundless enterprise passes through the streets, across the bridges, and into the vineyards and fields.

From the end of the stone jetty in the harbor, where some benches under spreading shade-trees invite meditation, the outlook on all sides is exceedingly noble. The old town of Calvin's day rises in a heaped conglomeration, pile on pile, to the cathedral towers; bridges span the Rhone, that shoots from the lake in a blue-green flood; on the water-front, a stretch of

foliage denotes the Jardin Anglais, and the lateral quays are lined with hotels and apartment-houses, white with the chalky glare peculiar to Geneva. Beyond the utmost limits of the Canton, rise the circling hills of the Jura, the Salève, and the Voirons, their every detail microscopically revealed in this crystal air.

On such days, the lake appears ruffled into impossible colors, shading off from Prussian blue to indigo, from gay iridescence to angry intensity. On either hand, the shore lines stand out clear and crisp, as far as Nyon in the Canton of Vaud and Bellerive in Savoy. It must have been the vividness of a genuine *bise* day which made Mr. Howells somewhat pitilessly describe Geneva as "an admirable illustration printed in colors, for a holiday number, to imitate a water-color sketch." And yet what a change comes over the physiognomy of the city, when the south wind blows! How gray the water turns, and how sadly the heavy, vapory atmosphere shuts off the lake-views!

Then, too, from the jetty as a point of vantage, the life of the harbor, bridges, and



GENEVA.



quays is amply seen. As the steamboats come and go, fine-toned bells swing musically in their bows,—such bells as are heard on all Swiss lakes. Lumbering, black-hulled barges, laden with wood or building stone, bear down upon the city, their lateen sails spread wing-a-wing like monster butterflies. There is a hurrying to and fro over the bridge of the Mont Blanc, where business and pleasure jostle each other. Nurses and children, however, hold undisputed possession of the Island of Rousseau, as by some unwritten law, while in their midst the unheeding statue of the author of “Emile” rests upon its pedestal under the shade-trees. He sits pencil in hand, this philosopher, ever ready to write upon his tablet, although for all these many years no new idea has come to him.

But the crowning marvel of this region will always be Mont Blanc, if it be our good-fortune to find it uncovered. Generally the mountain looks almost as ethereal and impalpable as the fluffy clouds which drift about it. After a fall of snow, however, Mont Blanc suggests a giant bowl of whipped cream, soft and sweet, as though

one could easily bite into it. On clear evenings, moreover, it passes through tints of sunset pinks and pale orange, fading finally into a peculiarly horrible colorlessness, which is gray and ghastly by contrast with the preceding splendor.

What impresses one most at first about Geneva is its cosmopolitan gayety,—probably because so much has been written in the past about the influence of Calvinism in fostering long-faced austerity. As a matter of fact, Geneva is, in summer at any rate, a veritable holiday town; not to speak of the string bands that play before the cafés every night, and the *chanteuses* that sing there, dressed with an airy splendor which is almost Parisian, hardly a week passes without some general public fête. And then the Sundays! Surely they must disturb the great Reformer in his last resting-place, for the people seem so artlessly happy in their amusements. When the orchestra of the Société Nautique plays in the Jardin Anglais of an evening, the harbor becomes dotted with little boats, each carrying a Chinese lantern that casts

trailing reflections upon the water. It is then that the great water-jet, created by the force of the Rhone, plays into the night air, artificially illuminated by an electric contrivance of many colors. As for the Venetian nights, in which Geneva indulges from time to time, everybody agrees that they are fairy-like, and cost a good deal of money.

Nobody can accuse the Genevese washerwomen of Calvinistic taciturnity. They have several floating houses made fast to the banks of the river Rhone, and there they spend the day, soaping and pounding their linen on the boards in front of them, chatting incessantly as only washerwomen can. No matter how loud the Rhone may roar, as it escapes from the sluice-gates at the Pont de la Machine, these ladies of the laundry can always make themselves heard. The choicest bits of gossip are never lost in the turmoil of the waters.

When the cold weather comes, Geneva receives flocks of beautiful and mysterious visitors. These gulls hail apparently from the Mediterranean, along with the lateen sails of the barges. It is quite the fashion

to go out on the bridge of the Mont Blanc to feed them, for they will catch a piece of bread in the air as neatly as you like, and their screaming and angry pecking is at once disgraceful and delightful.

But for all this frivolous modernness, Geneva still holds many remnants of antiquity for the sight-seer. There is a new quarter and an old; you can take your choice. On the hill stands the Cathedral of St. Peter, to which ancient and steep little streets give access from below. Architecturally speaking, the building is a mixture of many styles, with Gothic predominating. The façade, however, is decidedly spoiled by a peristyle of six Corinthian columns, supporting a Pantheon-like dome. Otherwise the noble lines of the original design can still be appreciated at the back, where two massive flanking towers, and a smaller central one, stand forth handsomely above the bulging choir. The newly restored Chapel of the Macca-bees is also admirable in its Gothic beauty; and you must be sure to sit in that old chair of Calvin's which stands under the pulpit, in order to fulfil your duty as a con-

scientious sight-seer. There is no question about the antiquity of the cathedral site, for remnants of two older churches have been discovered beneath the present building.

On Sundays, the solemn cathedral square becomes almost gay with the gathering congregation, exchanging decorous civilities. The bright dresses of young girls help to relieve the rather bare and forbidding aspect of the interior, while slow, measured, full-toned chorals rise to the vaulted ceiling in majestic cadences. Church attendance is with many Genevese more of a patriotic practice than a religious function. They consider it an act of traditional respect toward that great past when Geneva was the Protestant Rome; and so when the preacher turns to the well-filled benches, you may be sure that he will lay little stress on dogma and doctrine, but rather content himself with inculcating morality.

Near the cathedral are several old streets bearing pre-Reformation names. There is a Rue du Cloître, and another de l'Evêché. In the same quarter, too, is the Rue Calvin.

The Reformer lived from 1541 to 1543 at No. 11, and then moved to No. 13, where he died in 1564. Rousseau's birthplace is No. 40 Grand' Rue. Farther down the hill, in the neighborhood of the quaint Church of the Madeleine, is a maze of ancient houses, dank and unwholesome, where the streets bear such realistic names as Rue de l'Enfer, Rue du Purgatoire, etc.

Round the corner, the Hôtel de Ville, lately renovated, makes a distinctly pleasing impression. Its Florentine style is exceedingly interesting. On the street side, you will notice certain wire-covered frames hanging against the wall. Wait a little, and you will be sure to see some young girls coming up to peer in at the lists of printed names. No wonder; for it is here that all announcements of marriage are officially posted. There is also an interior court of good effect, but especially noticeable is a curious, winding, inclined plane to the first floor, which takes the place of a staircase, so that the magistrates in former days could ride up to their Assembly Hall on horseback, or be carried in litters. Here, too, the so-called Alabama Chamber

may be visited, where the famous decision was given in 1872.

Nothing could be more aristocratically exclusive, and yet accessible, than the position, here on the hill, of the *hôtels* of famous Genevese families, of the De Saussure, De la Rive, Necker, De Sellon, and others. The entrances are along the Rue de la Cité and the Rue des Granges, — narrow and steep streets, — but at the back, these mansions possess the most delightful of garden terraces with prospects over the high wall of the Corraterie and the Promenade de la Treille.

In the matter of museums, Geneva, though well supplied, needs some central repository, like the Museum of Fine Arts in Neuchâtel. There is the Musée Rath, containing pictures, casts, etc., the Musée Fol with its archæological odds and ends, the Athénée, where periodic exhibitions of paintings are held, and the Ariana, the gift of the late Gustave Revilliod, full of treasures superbly housed, not to mention the curiosities in the public library and the arsenal. These collections would exert a greater educational influence if they were

not dispersed. The cost of their maintenance, too, would be considerably reduced by common management.

Numerous statues and busts adorn Geneva; but, by some strange irony, there is not one of Calvin to be found, high or low. It seems unaccountable. Rousseau, to be sure, has been remembered, and an island set apart for his glorification. Still, even his monument does not make as much show as that of a foreign benefactor of the city, Duke Charles II. of Brunswick, who, dying in 1873, left Geneva twenty million francs, and thus made possible the fine opera-house and other luxurious improvements. The monument of this Prince stands in the Place des Alpes, and is copied after the tomb of the Scaligeri in Verona. It is a costly, sumptuous, and highly ornamental piece of work; but, as Mr. Howells aptly remarks, "You must still go to Verona to see the tombs of the Scaligeri."

Of other statues not much can be said. The group of two heroic female figures, representing Helvetia and Geneva, near the Jardin Anglais, suffers, as all such works do,

from clumsiness, along with the Bavaria at Munich, and the Liberty in New York harbor. A David by Chaponnière, in the Promenade des Bastions, is pleasing; Dufour's equestrian statue in the Place Neuve does not rise above mediocrity; and the busts of various Genevese celebrities in different parts of the city are said to be at least good characteristic likenesses.

But what about educational facilities? One cannot speak too highly of the efforts made by Geneva to perfect its scheme of public instruction. More than a quarter of the annual budget is devoted to this purpose. In fact, not the least interesting features of the city, even for a casual visitor, are the University and the influence which it radiates.

If one were to search for the hall-mark, the characteristic temper, of this University of Geneva, it would be found in its cosmopolitan scholarship, its combination of German seriousness with French adaptability, of liberality in thought with common sense in action. The lecture system is in universal use; complete liberty is left to

the students in the choice of courses; and women are admitted on terms of absolute equality with men. The comparative method of study is in full vogue; and the relation between the professors and the students very nearly resembles that good-humored, co-operative comradeship which is one of the chief charms of the smaller American colleges. Moreover, by a series of free lectures on winter evenings, given by distinguished specialists, the question of University Extension has to a great extent been solved in Geneva.

In 1892, the number of students rose to over six hundred, thus exceeding that in attendance at any other Swiss university, whether Basel, Bern, Zürich, or Lausanne. In regard to nationality, there are always a great many Russians, with a strong contingent of women in their midst, also a good many Bulgarians and Greeks. Even in holiday-time, these foreign students may be seen in the adjacent public library, their dark faces bent in the eager pursuit of the learning they have come so far to acquire. In point of fact, no educational summary of Geneva would be complete without men-

tion of this magnificent free library, with its one hundred thousand volumes and sixteen hundred manuscripts, founded centuries ago by Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon. The writer has reason to speak highly of its usefulness in the study of local history.

Of course Geneva possesses the usual complement of grade schools, the most interesting of which is the Collège St. Antoine, dating from the time of Calvin. Its building deserves to rank among the most picturesque of the old city. Of special industrial and art schools there is an astonishing supply. Music, too, is studied with enthusiasm at the Conservatory. M. Edouard Rod goes so far as to aver that, "In summer, with the orchestras in the cafés, the street-organs in the open air, and the sounds of pianos and songs issuing from open windows, Geneva suggests one of those music-boxes which it manufactures so extensively."\*

It is well to care for the arts and to further popular instruction; but it is even more necessary to stimulate industrial enterprise

\* Rod, Edouard. Genève — Les Capitales du Monde. Hachette & Co.: Paris. 1892.

and insure good trade returns. In one respect, Geneva may well serve as a model to all progressive, commercial communities. It has put itself in possession of one of the most effective and least expensive manufacturing agents to be found in the world. This consists simply in the utilization of the water-power of the rapid Rhone upon an elaborate scale. Nowhere else has anything like it been attempted, unless the recently opened works at Frankfurt in Germany, and the projected ones at Niagara, may be taken as examples. As early as 1620, the current was made to turn primitive turbines; but in 1886 the magnificent stone, iron, and glass palace of the Forces Motrices was formally inaugurated. Built by the eminent city engineer, Turretini, at the expense of the united citizens, and managed by the municipality, these industrial water-works deserve to stand as an object-lesson in practical co-operation.

There are six huge turbines and foundations for fourteen more. Not only is drinking-water supplied to the whole city by this means, but hydraulic power is also distributed to all parts through pipes under heavy

pressure, and rented to users at low rates. Forty-two hundred horse-power is thus at disposal for the use of manufactories.

An era of industrial aggrandizement would thus seem to await Geneva. Unfortunately, another factor mars the bright prospect. That is the protective policy of France, on the one hand, and of Switzerland on the other.

Geographically speaking, Geneva is well placed to become a great industrial centre. All it needs is free play and access to its natural markets. If those are cut off by customs duties, stagnation ensues. All the motive-power in the world cannot counteract this inflexible law. What is known as the *zone* in Savoy is too slight a concession to the city's demands, for Geneva is the normal emporium of a large district extending far into France. At present, therefore, the city presents the pathetic spectacle of a city swept and garnished, waiting for an opportunity to use its resources.

This comparative stagnation of industry is certainly not due to any want of skill or lack of inventive faculty on the part of Genevese workmen. In certain specialties

their light touch is unrivalled, especially in articles of luxury, depending upon the exact sciences, such as watchmaking, enamelling, and manufacturing of musical boxes. It is not generally known that the stem-winding attachment of modern watches is a Genevese invention.

In the past, Geneva also had its famous enamellers, like Turquet de Mayern and Petitot, whose work is highly prized by collectors. As for musical boxes, they have been brought to such perfection that the mechanism may be hidden in all sorts of articles of furniture, or in utensils of daily use. You sit down upon a chair, and it begins to play the "Swan Song" out of "Lohengrin;" when you take up a hand-mirror, it rolls off a waltz in your face; and a decanter sings a drinking-song, as you pour out wine. Artificial nightingales warble from cages or bowers, with the true, caressing notes of the real bird. But the latest developments of this art are monster orchestrions, supplied with all the tones of great church organs, of brass bands, or of mixed orchestras, playing the best classical music automatically, yet with a perfected

human touch which makes them almost uncanny.

In estimating the Genevese character, the genuine local type, one must not accept too readily the judgments of writers of the past, who knew the city only in its days of religious intolerance. Modern Geneva has practically emancipated itself from this influence, since the overthrow of the native oligarchy, which supported Calvinistic principles out of respect for tradition.

As a rule, French critics reproached the place with being dull, the people with lacking manners and gayety. On the other hand, John Milton, journeying from Italy, thought that he had strayed into the ideal, theocratic state of his dreams, his pattern Puritan commonwealth. Neither Goethe nor Victor Hugo liked Geneva. The former saw it in 1779, when it still stood sombre within its walls, and the latter in 1839, at a time when it was putting on the first garish coat of modernness.

There is nothing more amusing for a stranger than to notice the opinion which other cantons of French Switzerland enter-

tain of the Genevese. In Lausanne and Neuchâtel, you will hear them described as Frenchified and *mondains*, — intelligent, of course, but stiff and proud. Under this provocation, it is only natural that the Genevese should retort by calling their neighbors stolid and *grossiers*, — good, honest people, of course, but somewhat unpolished.

The truth is that Geneva is the least Swiss of all the cantons. The Genevese have less of that rugged quality which is, in some measure, an unfailing ingredient in the Swiss character. They are also farther removed from the mountains than the others. But scratch the frivolous French skin of the Genevese, and you will find the serious substratum of the Teuton. Inventive, facile, and of an independent disposition, the average Genevese is also strongly introspective and thorough. He is radical in theory, but conservative in practice; he is at once essentially progressive, and yet bound by preconceptions inherited from the past. In former times, the continual danger of Savoyard aggression rendered the Genevese citizens tenacious and combative; the firm rule of Calvinism gave them precision

and pedantry. In the modern type, these qualities can still be traced, softened by contact with cosmopolitan conditions.

Who can tell what will be the future of a community thus endowed! Geneva stands on the confines of French, German, and Italian influences. Shall they continue to struggle for the mastery as heretofore, and produce an original, local character like the present one? Or shall one of these elements absorb the others? Mr. Howells has dubbed Geneva "a small moralized Bostonian Paris,"—rather a promising combination. At any rate, the prevailing aspiration in Geneva is for the retention of a distinct personality. No one has expressed this sterling spirit in better lines than M. Henri Fazy. "Let us maintain within us," he writes, "the sentiment of our national individuality, and to this end preserve carefully that independence of mind and manner which has been for four centuries one of the distinctive traits of the Genevese character." \*

\* Fazy, Henri. *Les Constitutions de la République de Genève*. Geneva. 1890. p. 286.

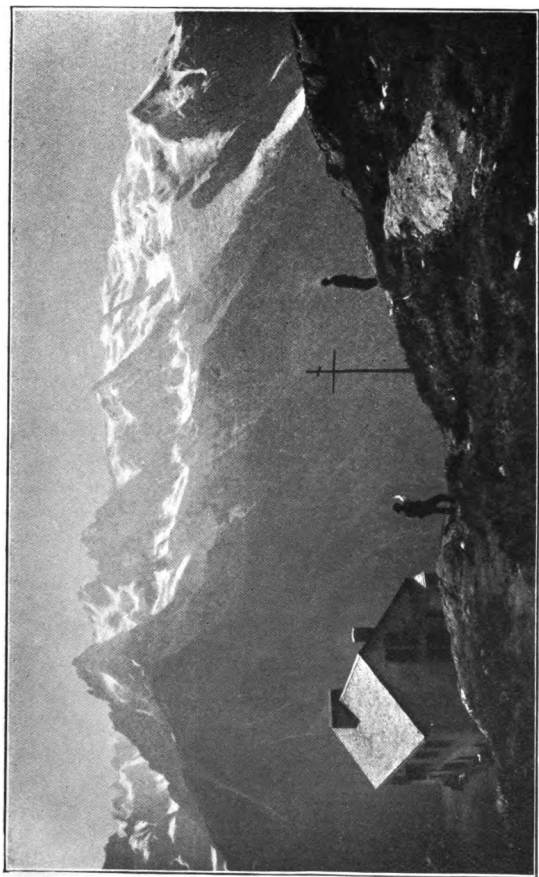
## CHAPTER II.

### THE TAMING OF MONT BLANC.

**S**TRICTLY speaking, Mont Blanc is not in Switzerland at all, since it lies on the boundary between French Savoy and Italy; but the Genevese, who have the view of it every fine morning from their windows, cannot quite make up their minds that the great show-piece does not belong to them. Besides, is it not written in the guide-books that all well-regulated tourists approach the "monarch of European mountains" from the Swiss side?

We are now so much in the habit of resorting to the mountains for a summer outing, that it is difficult for us to realize that mountaineering, as a pastime, is a purely modern affair.

The ancients apparently had no sentiment for the beauty of Alpine scenery, no enthusiasm for its ineffable glories, or



MONT BLANC.



longing for its serene pleasures. Greek and Roman literature contains many references to the Alps; but mention is made only of the dangers to be incurred,—the avalanches, precipices, and torrents. The Alps were considered simply as obstacles to traffic and transportation, full of hardships and terrors, to be shunned, and not to be crossed, except under the stress of dire necessity. The populations of the plains invested their peaks with all sorts of superstitions, peopled their valleys and ravines with monsters, and their caverns with dragons. As for anybody travelling over them for pleasure, climbing their summits for a view, or spending the summer in their upland valleys for the air, such conduct would have been considered madness.

In point of fact, men first crossed the Alps either as soldiers or merchants. Hannibal's passage showed that they were practicable even for large armies, while Julius Cæsar's conquest of the Helvetii did much to familiarize the Romans with Alpine passes. After the advent of Christianity, came travelling missionaries and multitudes

of pilgrims from Northern Europe, bound for Rome. Throughout the Middle Ages, the German emperors also crossed repeatedly with large detachments of followers.

But there is no record of any ascent being made of an Alpine peak until comparatively recent times, unless it be Leonardo da Vinci's climb up Mount Monboso, as he calls it, in the Maritime Alps.

Mont Blanc, with a summit 15,730 feet above the level of the sea, was not ascended until 1786. In that year, it was successfully scaled by an inhabitant of the Valley of Chamonix, a chamois-hunter, named Jacques Balmat. A most complete account of this famous first ascent has been preserved for us by Alexandre Dumas, the elder, who visited Chamonix in 1833, and wrote down the story as he heard it from Balmat himself, then an old man of seventy-two years.

It appears that the Genevese naturalist, De Saussure, had offered a large reward to the first man who should reach the top. Balmat was twenty-five at the time, exceptionally hardy, and experienced in mountain craft. First, he studied Mont Blanc from

many sides, in order to find a way to the summit. On one occasion he spent three successive nights in the snow, unsheltered and at great altitudes, only to be driven back unsuccessful, by a change in the weather.

Undaunted by repeated failures, he returned to the charge three weeks later, on the 8th of August, 1786. This time he was accompanied by Dr. Paccard, the local practitioner. They left Chamonix at five o'clock in the evening, trying to elude observation. That night was spent on the mountain; and next morning the two climbers started for the top at two o'clock. From a point above the Petit-Mulet, they perceived the villagers assembled below, watching their progress with telescopes. But after they had advanced a little farther, Dr. Paccard gave out, overcome with fatigue and cold. Balmat, however, pushed on to the top, which he finally reached in a state of great exhaustion.

He described his sensations to Dumas in the following words:—

“I was walking with my head bowed down; but perceiving that I was upon a

point which I did not recognize, I raised my head, and saw that I had at length reached the summit of Mont Blanc. Then I turned my eyes about me, trembling lest I had deceived myself, and should find some *Aiguille*, some new point, for I should not have had strength to climb it; the joints of my legs seemed to be held together only by my trousers. But no, no; I was at the end of my journey. I had arrived there where no one had been before, not even the eagle and the chamois; I had arrived alone, without other assistance than that of my own strength and will; all that surrounded me seemed to belong to me; I was the King of Mont Blanc; I was the statue of that immense pedestal."

Balmat straightway returned to Dr. Paccard, whom he discovered huddled up on the snow, more dead than alive. When he had succeeded in rousing him, he forced him to mount to the summit. They reached it at six P. M., and then descended to a place below the snow-line, where they spent the night. Next morning, Dr. Paccard found that he had been temporarily blinded

by the glare of the snow, and so he was obliged to return to Chamonix holding on to the strap of Balmat's knapsack. Next year, De Saussure made the ascent with Balmat, and his published account told the world of the subjugation of the highest of the Alpine giants.

On the occasion of the centenary of De Saussure's ascent, in 1887, a monument was unveiled at Chamonix, representing the chamois-hunter and the naturalist standing on a great block of stone. Balmat is pointing eagerly to the summit, as though urging De Saussure to make the attempt. Although the monument is anything but impressive in itself, its position in the open air, at the foot of Mont Blanc, with Balmat actually pointing to the visible summit, lends the whole a certain realistic fitness.

Mont Blanc is now ascended almost daily during the season. It is one of the favorite occupations of less adventurous, or perhaps more economical, travellers to watch, through telescopes, parties of climbers winding slowly over the spotless snow. A man with a large glass will take his sta-

tion in front of your hotel, and hang out a sign, informing everybody that "persons are visible on Mont Blanc." The view from the top, however, is apt to be unsatisfactory, owing partly to the prevalence of clouds, and partly to the great distance of all surrounding objects. The trip from Chamonix and back is usually made in three days; and the total cost, including guides, porters, and provisions, amounts to about fifty dollars a person. The truth is, many people are more afraid of the expense than the fatigue.

In the summer of 1893, a courageous French scientist, M. Janssen, at last succeeded in establishing a small observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc. The first person, apparently, to suggest such an undertaking was M. Vallot, an Alpine climber, who actually built a provisional one below the summit.

M. Janssen's building was constructed at Meudon, France, and transported to its position by porters and snow trolleys of special make. No rock foundation could be reached after deep borings, and so the whole stands upon the solid snow. The

base is over thirty feet long, by sixteen feet wide. The open framework of wood has the form of a truncated pyramid in two stages, and the rooms inside are reached by a spiral staircase. The roof is surrounded by a railing and serves for meteorological observations. All the walls of the rooms as well as the windows are double, and the latter can be closed by air-tight shutters. Provision is made for keeping the observatory vertical in case the snow of the foundation should lose its level, after the manner of glacial ice. The interior will be heated by petroleum and furnished with every necessary for life at that great altitude.

In spite of advanced age, M. Janssen ascended the mountain to see whether the project was feasible, and later to make the first scientific observations in that pure air. He at once satisfied himself by the use of the spectroscope, that there could be no oxygen in the solar atmosphere, and that the apparent oxygen lines, observed by others, were due to the effect of the earth's atmosphere. Further valuable results will no doubt continue to flow from this daring,

scientific experiment. Certainly, Alpine travellers have every reason to rejoice at the shelter afforded by the observatory, since it is now possible to remain a few days on the summit and wait for a view.

Is the taming of Mont Blanc now complete? I think not. This age and the next has further surprises in store for the mountain giant. In our day, we are rapidly conquering the Alps by steam and electricity. Perhaps it may be the turn of Mont Blanc next year, or the year after, to fall a victim. But if railroads do not succeed, perhaps balloons will. In point of fact, the attempt has already been made to cross the Alps in an air-ship, although, to be accurate, the issue was tragic, since the expedition began with a wedding and ended with a funeral. A certain Italian aeronaut married a wife, presented his bride with a new balloon as a wedding gift, and decided to spend his honeymoon making trips. On one occasion the couple invited a male friend to make the attempt of crossing the Alps and landing on French territory. When near the Cairamella Peaks, the balloon was caught in a hurri

cane, dashed with great violence against a glacier, and broken up. The occupants escaped practically uninjured, and spent the first night sheltering themselves as best they could under the remnants of the balloon. But in trying to make their way down next day, the party were less fortunate; for the husband fell into a crevasse and was killed, the friend sustained serious injuries, and the bride alone, after a second terrible night spent on the snow with her disabled companion, was able to make her way down to a mountaineer's hut. The friend was rescued by a party of searchers, and the body of the husband removed to a mountain chapel.

The first attempt to conquer the Alps with balloons is not encouraging. But when contrivances have been perfected, we can imagine future tourists standing in immaculate toilets where Balmat arrived, panting and frozen; telephoning to their friends below, from the pinnacle where the courageous hunter triumphantly proclaimed himself the King of Mont Blanc. What bathos! And yet what a marvel!

## CHAPTER III.

### ROUSSEAU, VOLTAIRE, AND MADAME DE STAËL.

SWITZERLAND has never known a period of such intellectual brilliancy as that comprised by the closing years of the last century and the opening ones of this. A whole list of world celebrities, both native and foreign, were gathered upon her soil; but Geneva outshone even Zürich with the combined lustre of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Madame de Staël.

#### I.

Jean Jacques Rousseau stands easily first among the men of genius whom Geneva has produced. Most of his life, it is true, was spent away from his native city; but the main spring of his best thoughts, and the elements of his real strength, were unquestionably Genevese. He was born in

1712, in a house on the Grand' Rue. His ancestors were French, a certain bookseller, Didier Rousseau, having come from Paris in 1550.

His bringing up was singularly unfortunate; for his mother, a woman of taste and accomplishments, died in giving birth to him, while his father, by turns a watch-maker and a dancing-master, was a fervent patriot, but a careless parent. The child was given into the charge of aunts, who brought him up without the companionship of other children. He became as sensitive and shy as a girl, devouring romances at home, when he ought to have been playing out-of-doors. For a while he was sent into the country to a pastor, Lambercier, and then apprenticed to an engraver, who beat him. The boy's character became sly and savage from bad treatment.

At sixteen, Rousseau, unable to bear his lot, fled to a proselyting priest, M. de Ponverre, at Confignon, in Savoy, and renounced Protestantism. "He received me well," relates Rousseau in his "Confessions," "spoke to me of the heresy of Geneva, of the authority of the holy mother church,

and gave me dinner. I found little to answer to arguments which ended thus; and I judged that priests, at whose houses one dined so well, were at all events worth as much as our ministers." A commemorative tablet has recently been affixed to the wall of this parish house. At M. de Ponverre's suggestion Rousseau went to Annecy to ask help of Madame de Warens, —a recent convert, originally from Vevey, who was in receipt of an annuity from the King of Sardinia.

This step was one of the decisive ones in his life. With Madame de Warens's help, Rousseau at first sought employment in Turin, but soon returned to her and took up his abode for years in her house. She received him out of the goodness of her heart, pitying his misery, and attracted by his originality. But Madame de Warens was only thirty, and still beautiful, — a woman with a history, unbalanced in her religious ideas, and protesting against the world's conventional code. From being his "maman," as Rousseau called her, she became his mistress, by a process whose steps he has described with remorseless

frankness in his "Confessions." For ten years they lived upon Madame de Warens's small income, Rousseau in the mean time trying a variety of occupations with little or no success, — studying law, giving music lessons, and, above all, reading philosophy with avidity. Removing to a country place near Chambéry, called Aux Charmettes, the couple gave themselves up to a life of luxurious sentimentalism.

In 1741 Rousseau finally broke away from this relaxing atmosphere, satiated, and anxious to distinguish himself in the world of Paris. The following twelve years were marked by a terrible struggle against poverty and in galling obscurity. The young enthusiast had gone to Paris with high hopes, having invented a new system of annotating music by numbers; but nobody would hear of it, and he was thrown upon various shifts to keep from starving. His first success was in 1752, when, having made the acquaintance of several actors, he had the good fortune of having his piece, "*Devin du Village*," acted at court. It was characteristic of the man, however, that he refused the pension which the king

offered him in acknowledgment of his talents, preferring to nurse his pride in poverty, copying music at so much a line.

But the spell of constant failure was broken. He kept himself before the public by a series of radical utterances on music, political rights, and political economy. His "Discours sur l'Inégalité" raised a perfect whirlwind of discussion. In 1754, he returned to Geneva, after an absence of forty-two years, re-entered the Protestant Church, in order to enjoy the rights of citizenship, but refused the position of librarian offered him there. Instead, he contracted a *liaison* with Madame d'Epinaï, and settled in a little house belonging to her, called L'Ermitage, at Montmorency, near Paris.

From this retreat Rousseau launched in succession his "Nouvelle Héloïse," "Contrat Social," and "Emile," — three books which exerted an almost incredible influence upon the times, forcing men and women to probe the problems underlying the relations of the sexes, the political rights of men, and the education of children. Amiel, who made a special study of

the philosopher, aptly says: "J. J. Rousseau is an ancestor in all things. It was he who founded travelling on foot before Töpffer, revery before René, literary botany before George Sand, the worship of Nature before Bernardin de St. Pierre, the democratic theory before the Revolution of 1789, political discussion and theological discussion before Mirabeau and Renan, the science of teaching before Pestalozzi, and Alpine description before De Saussure: He made music the fashion, and created the taste for confessions to the public. He formed a new French style,—the close, chastened, passionate, interwoven style we know so well."\* At this time he took as mistress a servant, Thérèse Levasseur, by whom he had five children.

In 1762, his work, "Emile," was burned by the hangman, by order both of the Parliament of France and the Council of Geneva. Its author was exiled, fled to Yverdon, but, being expelled by the Bernese authorities, then ruling the Pays de

\* Amiel, H. F. *Journal Intime*. Translated by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. London and New York: 1885. pp. 165-166.

Vaud, finally enjoyed a short period of rest at Môtiers, in the Prussian principality of Neuchâtel, under the protection of its nominal ruler, Frederick the Great. In disgust, Rousseau renounced his rights of citizenship in Geneva. The city was thrown into a ferment, everybody siding for or against him. His friends petitioned the Council in his favor in a strongly worded *représentation*, to which the latter opposed their so-called *droit négatif*. From that moment the city was divided into political parties, styling themselves *Représentants* and *Négatifs*. Then followed a singular literary duel. The Procurator-General of Geneva, Tronchin, opened the case in favor of the *Représentants* by his "Lettres de la Campagne," — models of juridical discussion; but Rousseau answered with crushing effect in his "Lettres de la Montagne," reproaching the partisans of the ancient order with burning words. "I see no servitude equal to yours," he wrote; "and the image of liberty is with you nothing but a mocking and childish decoy, which it is even unbecoming to offer to men of sense."

Driven even from Môtiers by fanatical

peasants, Rousseau sought refuge for two months on the little Isle of St. Peter, in the Lake of Bienné. His room is still shown to visitors in the so-called Schaffnerhaus; but the level of the lake having been lowered by the *Correction des Eaux du Jura*, the island has virtually become a peninsula, being now connected with the mainland. It was a striking example of the intolerance of pre-Revolutionary days in Switzerland, that the bigoted Bernese magistrates hunted Rousseau even from this retreat. He fled to Strassburg, visited David Hume for a while at Wootton, in England, and ended his days at Ermenonville, near Paris, in 1778. His body rests side by side with that of Voltaire in the Panthéon.

There can be no doubt that, during the last fifteen years of his life, Rousseau was pursued by the fixed idea that a vast conspiracy had been organized against him. Lombroso, the Italian writer, whose thesis is that "genius is a special morbid condition," goes so far as to assert: "Those who, without frequenting a lunatic asylum, wish to form a fairly complete idea of the mental

tortures of a monomaniac have only to look through Rousseau's works, especially his later writings, such as the 'Confessions,' the 'Dialogues,' and the 'Rêveries.'"

\* There can be no question that Rousseau's physical and mental make-up was abnormal; but it must not be forgotten that his persecutions were also sufficiently real to unbalance even a sturdier nature.

An enigmatical creature he was, in truth, — impressionable, acting upon impulse, and as nervous as the proverbial modern woman. Paradoxical to a degree hardly conceivable until his life is compared with his teachings, he yet reclaimed himself from hypocrisy by a naïve avowal of his sins. Although by temperament gross and sensual, he described the utmost delicacy and refinement of love in his "Nouvelle Héloïse." He was a radical reformer in the education of the young, who abandoned his illegitimate children to the Foundlings' Hospital; a mediocre musician, playwright, and poet, but an original and courageous

\* Lombroso, Cesare. The Man of Genius London. 1891. p. 81.

philosopher ; incapable as a political leader, but unrivalled as an advocate of popular rights. Napoleon said : "Without Rousseau, France would not have had her Revolution."

It was his supreme merit to have turned the world in the nick of time once more to Nature. He was the apostle of her beauties, her laws, and her divine liberties.

## II. — VOLTAIRE.

In the same year, 1754, in which Rousseau returned for a short visit to his native city, Voltaire settled in Geneva to spend the declining years of his life. He was sixty-one years of age, possessed world-wide fame, and had just quarrelled with Frederick the Great at Potsdam. Voltaire bought two pieces of property, — one near Geneva, which he called *Les Délices*, and another, *Monrion*, near *Lausanne*. Living alternately upon these estates, he immediately created a stimulating, intellectual atmosphere in his environment.

There was first that famous article on Geneva, published by D'Alembert in the "Encyclopédie," but inspired by Voltaire himself. In it the pastors of the city were described as caring little for the forms of Christianity, and as being mere deists. The protests which rose from the Puritan city re-echoed far and wide, to the great delight of the cynical philosopher. Open war was thus declared. Voltaire, to make his position more secure, withdrew to Ferney, in France, just outside of the jurisdiction of Geneva. Thence he published some of his most impious works. Near by, at Tournay, he erected a theatre, and, to the consternation of the Genevese, actually produced some of his own plays at his estate of Les Délices. In spite of all the authorities could do, people flocked to the theatre. Voltaire observed the disturbance he had created with sinister satisfaction, twitting the magistrates and pastors with their impotence.

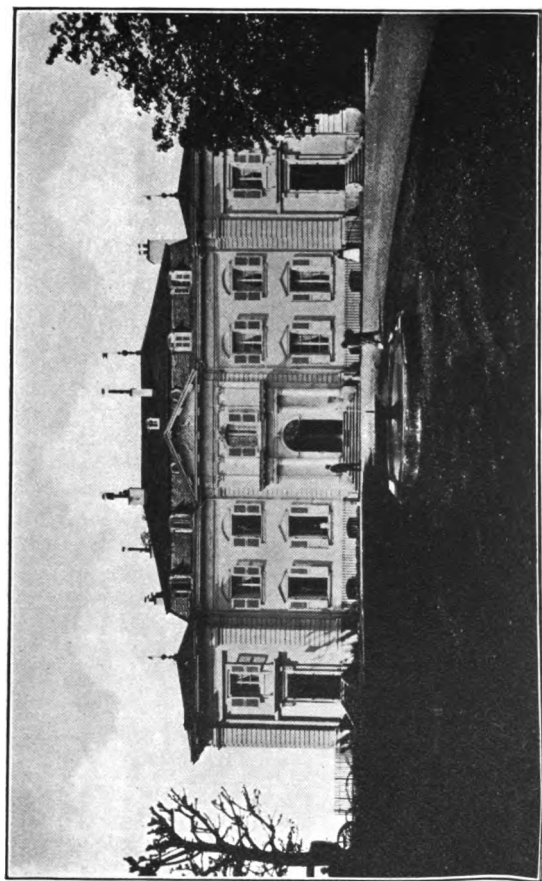
Even Rousseau considered himself called upon to expostulate with Voltaire. The two philosophers had more than once before exchanged letters, but they never actu-

ally met. Rousseau had sent Voltaire his "Inégalité" some years before, receiving from the latter an answer which M. Godet calls "a masterpiece of French irony": "Sir, I have received your book against the human race. . . . So much talent has never before been employed in making brutes of us; one is seized with a desire to walk on all-fours after reading your book." On another occasion, Rousseau had had the courage to rebuke Voltaire for the pessimism of his poem on the "Désastre de Lisbonne," and now he boldly reproached him with corrupting the simple, Spartan-like habits of the Genevese by means of his theatrical performances. But Voltaire's ardor was only fired the more by this opposition. His fury knew no bounds; his satire became even more scathing, and his resources more versatile.

The château at Ferney is one of the show places in the environs of Geneva. It has been overhauled recently, and a statue erected to Voltaire in his capacity as patriarch of the place. In point of fact, he was the maker of Ferney; for when he went there, in 1757, it consisted of only

eight houses, while to-day it is a populous village. The interior of the château contains little of interest beyond a few souvenirs, but the arbored garden and old-fashioned pleasure-grounds are said to retain their original design. There is also the chapel of this king of irreligion, with that inimitable inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*,—"Voltaire erected [this] to God,"—of which Dumas the elder wrote, after he had visited Ferney: "It was intended to prove to the whole world, which had become very anxious about the disputes of the creature with his Creator, that Voltaire and God had finally become reconciled; the world heard this news with satisfaction, but it always suspected that Voltaire had made the first advances."

From his retreat, the philosopher watched the political struggles of Geneva with considerable, and at times almost benevolent, interest. He once said to the party of the *Natifs*,—that is, the descendants of foreigners who had settled in the city, but were deprived of their political rights by the *Représentants* and the *Négatifs*,—"My friends, you resemble somewhat those



CHATEAU VOLTAIRE, AT FERNEY.



flying-fish which, when out of water, are eaten by birds of prey, and when they dive back again into the waves, are devoured by big fish." A wigmaker, Berraud by name, a man of poetical aspirations, once presented Voltaire with a comedy. The philosopher asked, "What is your occupation?" "I am a wigmaker." "Then, my friend, go make wigs."

It was all very witty, very keen, but very repelling, this raillery of Voltaire's. No two men of genius could have been more unlike each other than Rousseau and Voltaire,—the former a democrat, a plebeian, boasting in his title of Citizen of Geneva, even when he felt called upon to renounce it, an optimist of the optimists, and a firm believer in spirituality, though an unworthy exponent of its transforming powers; the latter an aristocrat, a courtier, a despiser of the common people, a pessimist, and a confirmed materialist. Rousseau was, at all events, a man of heart, but Voltaire was a man of mere mind; and that is why the former founded a school and left disciples, while the latter did not.

Voltaire's death was long in coming. At

the age of eighty-four, in 1778, he started off for Paris, and while there, sickened and expired. A good deal has been said about the manner of his death. Sensational reports were circulated at the time, that he was tortured by remorse and unavailing regrets. There seems to have been no truth in these stories. They were concocted upon slender stories of his physical sufferings to frighten people against infidelity.

### III. — MADAME DE STAËL.

Voltaire was a Frenchman; but Rousseau and Madame de Staël were Swiss, alike by parentage, and by a certain earnestness of thought.

The proper place to study Madame de Staël is in the old French château at Coppet, near Geneva. Her spirit pervades the quiet courtyard, the vestibule, with its statue of her father, Necker, the long library, where bookcases line one side, green-clothed gaming tables stand down the middle, and a few pieces of furniture

against the wall recall the simple, graceful curves of the Directoire style. The bedroom of Madame de Staël is still brilliant in an old-fashioned sort of way, with its magnificent canopied bed, its brocaded silk hangings, and exquisitely embroidered white-satin sofa. The room where Madame Récamier slept, when she made her frequent visits, has a wall-paper of quaint designs, and is gay with a mellow, fawn-colored tint.

The walls of the great drawing-room upstairs are hung with portraits. There is one in particular, of the beautiful daughter of Madame de Staël, Albertine, later the Duchesse de Broglie. The present possessor, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, is a great-granddaughter. On a table, among the snuff-boxes and other curios of that sort, is a miniature of Madame de Staël, which is especially fine. It represents her with flashing black eyes full of an intelligent inspiration, black ringlets about her head, highly colored complexion, thick lips, and full bosom, — a woman of tremendous spirit and tender heart. In the study are more portraits, — the parents, M. and

Madame Necker, Madame de Staël herself, turbaned and *décolletée* by Gérard, and her son, Auguste de Staël, gentle scholar and philanthropist.

The château at Coppet passed through many hands before it came into the possession of Necker, the father. His predecessor was a wealthy money-changer of St. Gallen, who died a pauper, of a broken heart.

Necker was by birth a Genevese, but descended from Protestant Irish stock. As a young man, he entered upon the career of financier in Paris, started a bank, and played his part in the opening chapters of the Revolution as minister of Louis XVI. He was a man of honest purpose, a systematic philanthropist, but proved incapable of controlling the surging forces of France in her great upheaval. Madame Necker, who, as Suzanne Curchod, it is said, had been jilted by Gibbon at Lausanne, was a woman of acknowledged charm, a bright spirit, who never quite forgot her Protestant principles in the dissolute air of Parisian society. Her *salon* was frequented by the famous men who were making history in

France; and it was there that her little daughter, Germaine, used to appear, at the age of eleven, sitting on a stool beside her mother, listening with rapt attention to the discussions of philosophers and the sallies of wits.

Germaine Necker was born in 1766, and early developed a precocious, prodigious heart and mind. But it is not wholesome to be an "infant phenomenon." She seemed capable of the most exalted joys and the blackest sorrows. Receptive, reading everything that came to her hand, emotional and susceptible, she seemed destined to a career full of dramatic intensity.

Indeed, how can one speak with moderation of this most immoderate woman? Her life was one vast, volcanic whirl. Her conversation entranced with a certain feverish force; her books were more influential than State papers, and her *salon* than council-chambers. The atmosphere in which she lived was one of enormous exaggeration; her temperament was passionate, without self-control, at once prompted by a virile genius, and softened by feminine weaknesses; her attachments

were ardent with unquenched fires, and stormy with bitter disappointments. But throughout she remained sincere in her convictions, and generous to her enemies.

In 1786, she was married to Baron Staël-Holstein, Swedish ambassador to France, a reckless gambler and an ambitious diplomat, with a taste for mysticism. He was seventeen years her senior, and the marriage was a cold, unhappy affair. Madame Necker had tried to secure young Pitt as a son-in-law; but Germaine would not hear of leaving Paris, and wrote very disrespectfully and hysterically in her diary about the "Hateful Island." Staël-Holstein was a sort of makeshift, and his wife soon forgot him in the presence of a host of brilliant admirers, among whom she selected for special favors young Talleyrand, Narbonne, and Mathieu de Montmorency.

The great Revolution burst upon Madame de Staël, reigning like a queen in her *salon* at the Swedish embassy. She promptly turned to play a political part in the struggle. Her father, Necker, was twice overthrown, and then retired to

Coppet, to study in oblivion the reasons for his failure as economist and peacemaker. His daughter remained to try to save Marie Antoinette, to intrigue in behalf of Narbonne, and to originate endless schemes for reorganizing the State, now upon English principles, now after the American model. All in vain. On the 21st of September, 1792, France was declared a republic. The day before, Madame de Staël had escaped to Coppet.

It was not till towards the end of her life, that the restless "ambadress" became reconciled to her rustic retreat. She frankly acknowledged, "I have a magnificent horror of the whole of Switzerland." Paris always remained her real centre of attraction, where alone she was not assailed by the fear of ennui. The love of mountains was as inexplicable to her, as it was to the ancients.

Her literary activity now practically began. She had already written a number of sentimental romances and poems. Her first pretentious piece was "Letters upon the Writings and Character of Jean Jacques Rousseau," published in 1789.

Then came the "Reflections upon the Trial of the Queen," designed to move France in behalf of poor Marie Antoinette, the "Reflections upon the Peace," and the "Essay on Fiction." Madame Necker de Saussure—a cousin who knew the authoress intimately, and has given us a graphic account of her career—has said: "Her works are, so to speak, in an abstract form, the memoirs of her life." This is, perhaps, particularly true of her riper books. "The Passions," upon which subject no one surely could have been better qualified to write, was born of ample experience.

In 1794, Madame de Staël met Benjamin Constant, a native of Lausanne, a vain and vacillating genius of twenty-seven, one year her junior. It is a sufficient commentary upon his life to say that, although he was one of the most gifted men of his day, he produced only what was second-rate. His very name was a satire upon his disposition, and by some strange irony, the principal work left by this unstable Lothario was on "Religion." Madame de Staël was fascinated by his sparkling personality, and threw herself without reserve into an

amorous adventure which in reality upset her whole life. She held Benjamin Constant by a jealous, passionate chain which he soon found irksome. Their *liaison* was marked by stormy quarrels and fierce reconciliations.

In 1795, Madame de Staël reopened her *salon* for a short time at the Swedish embassy; but the Directory gave her very plainly to understand that her presence was not desired, and she returned to Coppet.

At last, in 1797, she was allowed to live in Paris. She became a political factor in the history of the day, the queen upon the chess-board of France. But she found her match in Napoleon. She had expected to captivate him; instead of that, she simply roused his dislike. He silenced her with his peculiar eagle look, so that she, whose conversational powers were the talk of her contemporaries, confessed to a difficulty of breathing in his presence. From antipathy their mutual feeling grew to hatred, and ended in a sort of Titanic duel, which lasted ten years, — the master of the nations against the mistress of the intellectual world. Her *salon* was at the height of its

splendor during the Consulate, graced by Madame Récamier's beauty, and distinguished by the concentrated eloquence and learning of historical personages. Napoleon first interdicted her *salon*, and 'n 1802 sent her into exile. But she was a woman, and was bound to have the last word: "What cruel fame you give me!" she wrote him in 1803, "I shall have a few lines in your history."

M. de Staël, who for a while after his marriage appeared upon the scene casually, as it were, ceased to trouble himself about his wife in 1798, and died in 1802; but the widow never married Benjamin Constant. For a time she devoted herself to her two sons, born in 1790 and 1792, and to her daughter Albertine, born at Coppet in 1797. She was, with all her failings, a loving mother; and her children grew up to have a positive adoration for her.

Madame de Staël's book on "Literature" contributed not a little to her expulsion from France. Then followed "Delphine,"—a romance in which she virtually tells the story of her youth. "Corinne" was written after a trip to Italy, when she

was thirty-nine. In it she depicts herself idealized, a woman of genius between love and glory. "Corinne," says Albert Sorel, "stands in literature not as a masterpiece, — there is too great length of narrative, too much of fashion in the style, — but as a fine example of poetic genius, such as it was conceived of in those days."\* The famous book on "Germany," in like manner, was the result of a visit to that country. There she met Goethe, Schiller, and other great lights of German literature, astounding them with her genius, but wearying them with her volubility. Her book practically opened the treasures of German literature to French appreciation.

From 1806 to 1812 there ensued a period of comparative tranquillity at Coppet. She held intellectual court, entertaining the notabilities of the time. Among the preferred guests were Sismondi, Bonstetten, Johann von Müller, Guizot, and Schlegel. Madame Récamier would often be there with her train of admirers, and of course

\* Sorel, Albert. *Madame de Staël*. London, 1892. p. 151.

Benjamin Constant, when he was not absent on other gallantries. Towards the close of this period, in 1811, a very extraordinary thing happened. A young Genevese officer in the Spanish service, Albert de Rocca, returned to his native city. He had been wounded, and possessed a charming, modest way of relating his military adventures. When he met Madame de Staël, he promptly fell in love with her, and they were secretly married. He was twenty-three, and she forty-five. A boy was born of this union whom her other children took care to acknowledge, when they published her marriage after her death. It is said that Benjamin Constant reappeared at Coppet, on one occasion, but was forced to beat an angry retreat.

Napoleon, now emperor, finally made Madame de Staël's stay even at Coppet unsafe. She was obliged to leave her château. It would be a long task indeed to record the details of this flight of hers through Europe. The restlessness of her life, as it is, must give the reader a species of vertigo. At all events, she has given us a sufficiently elaborate account in her "Ten

Years of Exile." After the Restoration, she even reopened her *salon* for a while, and wrote her "Considerations upon the French Revolution," which is the most profound of her works. In reality, Madame de Staël wore well from a literary standpoint, improving with age, so that at last she acquired a sort of serenity of style.

Her death came in 1817. Worn out by insomnia, and enervated by the use of opium, she fell paralyzed at a ball in the house of the Duc Decazes. Rocca nursed her faithfully until she sank into her last sleep. She was buried at Coppet, and Bonstetten pathetically describes the burial procession as passing "between two rows of children and old people, for the able-bodied were off harvesting."

In any summing-up of her career, the word "passion" must be uppermost. That quality of temperament was at once her bane and her glory; and yet her nature was never other than truthful and straightforward, alike in her virtues and her faults. Albert Sorel has well said, "But go to the bottom, and you will find in her life only the desire to give and to obtain happiness,

the need of loving and being loved ; in her politics, only the sentiment of justice ; in her literature, only the aspiration after the ideal ; and throughout all, sincerity." \*

\* Sorel, Albert. *Madame de Staël*. London 1892. p. 256.

## CHAPTER IV.

### BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES.

#### I.—JOHN CALVIN. (1509-1564.)

**F**OR so small a city, Geneva has produced an astonishing number of great men. On two occasions she actually made world-history, — when Calvin summoned the sixteenth century to “return to the Bible,” and Rousseau the eighteenth to “return to Nature.” Each is a mighty cry; but somehow Geneva has honored only the Apostle of the Revolution with a monument. For it is a remarkable fact that the “City of Calvin” does not contain a single statue, or even a bust, of the Reformer; his very grave is unknown and unmarked. At the third centenary of his death (1864), however, the *Salle de la Réformation* was erected in his honor. The Public Library also exhibits a portrait, and under a glass

case a sketch made by his friend Burgoin, on the fly-leaf of a book. Strange omission! Are the citizens of the "Protestant Rome" waiting until public opinion shall sanction a monument to Servetus first, like that of Giordano Bruno in Catholic Rome? It would be an act worthy of modern religious tolerance, to erect a double monument to Calvin and his victim, in the Place de Champel, where Servetus was executed.

The general features of Calvin's career are too well known to need detailed comment. Born at Noyon in France, educated at the Universities of Orléans, Bourges, and Paris; a Humanist, then a wandering Reformer, he finally settled in Geneva in 1536, at the request of Farel.

There are so few really sympathetic touches in his life, that one fastens with particular avidity on his marriage in 1540, while he was in exile at Strasburg, to a widow, Idelette de Bure, who was poor, in feeble health, and already the mother of several children. His letters to friends show this union to have been a quiet and respectful affair, as might have been

expected. The delicate wife gave him a son who died in infancy, and then herself passed away after nine years of wedlock.

Calvin's ideal of civil government was of the theocratic variety. He desired to have Geneva ruled by God, through the medium of Calvin; and he was perfectly serious about it. He went to work with a fixed, unflinching will that marks him as the greatest among the benevolent despots whom the world has produced. At first he failed to impress the liberty-loving Genevese with the superiority of this sort of government. They banished him for two years; but his party in the city grew during his absence, and was eventually able to recall him.

It took Calvin ten years to fix the discipline of his "Ecclesiastical Ordinances" in undisputed sway over Geneva. The political party of the Patriots and the religious sect of the Libertines made common cause against him, insulting him in all manner of ways, breaking the rules set up by his Consistory, and openly ridiculing his dogmas. But Calvin was determined to suppress this opposition,

even if he had to make martyrs of his enemies. Gruet was one of the first victims. He had so far forgotten himself as to write verses against Calvin, and, besides, had a way at church of looking defiantly into the preacher's face, which called for reprimand. Moreover, he adopted the new Bernese fashion of wearing breeches with plaits at the knees, contrary to express orders, filled Calvin's works with disrespectful marginal notes, and one day attached a warning to the pulpit, wherein he actually called Calvin a "gross hypocrite." But the Reformer retaliated by speaking of him as a "scurvy fellow;" and the upshot of the little dispute was that Gruet was tortured every day for a month, and then beheaded.

Another person who gave Calvin a great deal of trouble was a certain Ami Perrin, military chief of the republic, whom Calvin nicknamed the "stage emperor." He escaped with banishment, because he showed temporary tendencies towards submission. Perrin's wife, however, could not be managed so easily. She was a decidedly gay subject, excessively fond of

dancing, and if the reports are true, used to become positively riotous at fashionable weddings. It was her special study and faithful endeavor to annoy the Venerable Company of Pastors in every conceivable way. She was of course thoroughly successful. Calvin could punish her, as Napoleon did Madame de Staël, by exile, but he could not silence her; and it is generally believed that the Reformer afterwards regretted having disturbed the sprightly lady at her dancing.

A man by the name of Ameaux drank freely at a supper-party, called Calvin a teacher of false doctrines, and nothing but a Picard. For this he was fined, imprisoned, and subjected to the *amende honorable*; that is, he was paraded through the streets in his shirt, with bare head, and a lighted torch in his hand, to ask on bended knees the pardon of God, of the Council, and especially of Calvin. Indeed, our Reformer was not only a theologian, he was also a politician of consummate skill, though not a democrat. He had no real conception of the inalienable rights of men. As M. Henri Fazy has well said,

"The Calvinistic doctrine of predestination leads infallibly to aristocratic despotism."\* Calvin believed as firmly in divinely instituted magistrates, receiving their commission from on high, as does the Hohenzollern Emperor of to-day. What he conceived to be right, he carried out with implacable severity. Thus his opinions on theological matters were soon translated into political acts. Contrary to general supposition, Calvin's triumph was brought about more by substituting Protestant immigrants from neighboring countries for the original native population, than by pious persuasion. Exile and persecution played a greater part in transforming Geneva than religious convictions.

Although the Reformer's career lends itself easily to ironical treatment, one must not forget his personal virtues and his extraordinary achievements. During the agitation of the Patriots and Libertines, he once quelled a popular rising by walking

\* Fazy, Henri. *Les Constitutions de la République de Genève.* p. 47.

unarmed into the crowd and calling to the people that, if they wanted to shed blood, they must begin with him. It was a fine moment in his life, full of dramatic intensity.

The amount of work accomplished by that frail body is almost incredible. Besides ruling Geneva, he found time to write masterpieces of theological discussion, which practically determined the serious prose style of the French language. In his exegetical writings, like the great body of his Commentaries, in his doctrinal "Institutes," disciplinary "Ordinances," polemical pamphlets, sermons, and, finally, in his voluminous letters, Calvin has left a record of activity unsurpassed by any historical personage. His influence determined the religious life not only of the French Huguenots, but also of the Dutch Burghers, English Puritans, Scotch Covenanters, and New England Pilgrims. George Bancroft, the American historian, has said, with some truth: "We boast of our common schools; Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of free schools. We are proud of

the free States that fringe the Atlantic. The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists of France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots. The ships that first brought colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists."\*

One great error the modern world can never forgive Calvin; that is, the execution of Servetus. Of course, it was approved by his contemporaries, for Catholics and Protestants, at that time, vied with each other in ridding the world of such free-thinking monstrosities. It was considered the proper thing, when you could not understand a man's reasoning, and therefore could not place him in any particular sect, to kill him as a public nuisance. Servetus was, of course, far in advance of his age. He made the mistake of expressing opinions that his fellow-men could not digest, and of remaining aloof from all the sects, at odds both with Mother Church and the Reformed

\* Bancroft, George. *Literary and Historical Miscellanies*. New York. 1855. p. 405.

branches. He was much too radical a person to die a natural death in the sixteenth century. Calvin and Servetus, who, by a strange coincidence, were born in the same year, 1509, had corresponded for many years; or rather the Spanish physician, geographer, and theologian had prodded the French Reformer with innumerable questions, until Calvin had left the letters unanswered. When there seemed to be no hope that Servetus would ever adopt the dogmas of a regular church, Calvin gave him up in despair. He wrote to Farel: "He [Servetus] offers to come hither, if it be agreeable to me. But I am unwilling to pledge my word for his safety, for if he does come, and my authority be of any avail, I shall never suffer him to depart alive." Calvin proved to be as good as his word; he was always eminently truthful.

Servetus was finally brought to trial at Vienne, in France, on the charge of heresy, the evidence being indirectly supplied by Calvin. The accused apparently told some falsehood in his efforts to get off, but finding this useless, escaped from prison, and not long after turned up in Geneva, where

he was immediately arrested by order of Calvin.

It is somewhat difficult to classify the religious belief of Servetus among the theological systems of the world. It was a sort of compound of Unitarianism and Theosophy; in any case, it was very modern. He denied the divinity of the Trinity, and declared that "all creatures are of the substance of God, and that God is in all things." Such ideas were enough to bring him to the stake, apart altogether from his conduct, which was violent, arrogant, and at times even tinged with insanity.

The trial was conducted with great bitterness on both sides. Servetus was satirical and abusive, but when his sentence was pronounced, broke into loud lamentations. Calvin asked that the sword be substituted for fire, but his request was not granted; and so, on the 27th of October, 1553, a ghastly procession wound up to the Place de Champel, where the execution was to take place. Arrived at the funeral pile, Farel and the people united in prayer with Servetus, now completely humbled. "The executioner fastens him by iron chains to

the stake amidst the fagots, puts a crown of leaves covered with sulphur on his head, and binds his book by his side. The sight of the flaming torch extorts from him a piercing shriek of 'misericordias' in his native tongue. The spectators fall back with a shudder. The flames soon reach him, and consume his mortal frame, in the forty-fourth year of his fitful life. In the last moment he was heard to pray, in smoke and agony, with a loud voice, 'Jesus Christ, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me.' " \*

Calvin died eleven years after, peacefully, in his bed, of a lingering illness, surrounded by his friends, and dictating up to the last hours. He is now chiefly remembered as a very saintly man, who fastened upon the world more securely than any other man had done the doctrine of predestination to eternal damnation.

\* Schaff, Philip. *The Swiss Reformation*. New York. 1892. p. 785.

II. — HORACE BÉNÉDICT DE SAUSSURE.  
(1740-1799.)

The subduer of Mont Blanc was at the same time the pioneer of those climbing scientists who have explored the Alps in this century, — the predecessor of Agassiz and Tyndall. His ancestors had fled from France to Switzerland at the time of the Reformation. At the age of twenty he began his journeys into the Alpine regions, traversing the principal chains in Western Europe, with mineral-hammer and notebook in hand. The "Voyage dans les Alpes" is the record of these trips. De Saussure's famous ascent of Mont Blanc was accomplished in 1787, after four failures. He was accompanied by Balmat, the chamois-hunter, who had reached the summit for the first time the year before; and the monument at Chamonix, erected on the centenary celebration of this event, represents the two men sharing the honor together.

De Saussure was primarily an investigator, an objective observer of natural phe-

nomena, a sort of scientific realist. His work was mainly experimental, for his chief aim was to collect facts. If his literary style is, perhaps, a little formal and precise, one cannot complain of that, since he was too conscientious to allow his imagination full scope. The fact remains that he was the great Revealer of the Alps to his contemporaries, the man who founded the modern school of serious research in the mountains, as well as the cult of climbing for a pastime.

Two other men were associated with De Saussure in this work of popularizing the Alps,—his uncle, Charles Bonnet (1720–1793), and his travelling companion upon many expeditions, Marc Théodore Bourrit (1739–1819). The former was content to spend most of his life in his retreat at Genthod, on the Lake of Geneva, between Bellevue and Versoix. He wrote a number of works, much talked of in their day, on a variety of scientific and philosophical subjects, from insectology to psychology. Whereas De Saussure was essentially a gleaner of facts, Bonnet had a turn for generalization and speculation. His hypo-

theses were always interesting, but sometimes hazardous; and Voltaire, who disliked him, on several occasions jumped at the chance of making fun of him. Bourrit, though lacking De Saussure's intimate knowledge of phenomena, and Bonnet's philosophic conceptions, threw himself with much enthusiasm into the work of describing mountain scenery. His effusions now read a little wild and incoherent, in this age of the regular Swiss tour and of the Alpine Club, but nevertheless they played no mean part in kindling a real sentiment in favor of mountaineering.

### III.—JACQUES MALLET-DUPAN.

(1749-1800.)

Next to Joseph de Maistre, Mallet-Dupan was certainly the keenest critic whom the French Revolution encountered. He was the complete pamphleteer of his day, by turns sarcastic or vehement, but always full of rhetorical resource. Rousseau and Voltaire had no opponent more bitter, their doctrines no judge more piti-

less, than this courageous Conservative. As political editor of the "Mercure de France," his influence was so great, that he became in one sense the very head of the Counter-Revolution. Born at Celigny, near Geneva, and dying in London, Mallet-Dupan was one of the many men of talent, who have gone forth from the little city of Calvin to create for themselves a cosmopolitan career.

IV.—JEAN CHARLES LÉONARD SISMONDE  
DE SISMONDI. (1773-1842.)

Historian and political economist, traveler and spectator of historical scenes, friend of Napoleon, frequenter of the *salons*, and guest of Madame de Staël, — what remains most worthy in the life of Sismondi? On the whole, his labor in the cause of the common people will be remembered longest. Amiel says: "His love for men on the one side, and his passion for work on the other, are the two factors in his fame." It would be too much to say that Sismondi was a genius; his journal and correspond-

ence reveal him rather as an upright man, made illustrious by a beautiful common-sense that inspired confidence. He married an English lady of strong religious tendency, he himself professing a belief which closely resembled that of Channing. As political economist, he rejected the individualism of Adam Smith, and turned towards State socialism for a solution of industrial and political problems. His "*Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique*" deserves to rank among the first attempts made to formulate the doctrines of that school of thought.

#### V. — RODOLPHE TÖPFFER.

(1799-1846.)

One cannot be too chary in comparing men of different nationalities with each other. There are always so many reservations to be made, that analogies sometimes prove more misleading than helpful. And yet a concise characterization of this sort often serves the purpose of a long description. When Töpffer is described as the

"Swiss Dickens," one must not criticise the details of this resemblance too closely, for the humor of the two men is at bottom of the same type. It is not French wit, incisive and cold, delicately prepared and neatly served, it is rather Teutonic drollery, that alternates between fun and pathos, between laughter and tears.

As for the rest, Töpffer was of German origin. His grandfather was a tailor from Schweinfurt, who settled in Geneva. It is said that he early displayed his talent for caricature by scribbling on his school-books. Although educated to be a painter, Töpffer was obliged to renounce this career on account of diseased eyes. He mounted little plays, and, after a visit to Paris, began to write art-criticisms, marked by a great deal of dash and originality. Then he became a schoolmaster; and it was while travelling with his pupils that he produced his "*Voyages en Zigzag*." Töpffer next turned his hand to novel-writing, bringing out quite a collection, the "*Nouvelles Genevoises*" among others. In his seven books of Caricatures, he ridiculed contemporary life in a delicious, rollicking vein

that was quite new to his staid fellow-citizens. As Professor of Rhetoric in the Academy, he was, on the other hand, distinctly unpopular. The latter part of his life was embittered by the factional fight which broke out in 1846, and ended in the triumph of the Radicals under James Fazy. Töpffer was a violent, unreasoning Conservative in politics, but in art and literature a first-rate innovator.

#### VI. — HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL.

(1821-1881.)

This extraordinary man has been happily styled "A Swiss Thoreau." \* Those who are familiar with Amiel's "Journal Intime" will immediately recognize the singular appropriateness of this title.

The Genevese professor had the same genius for interpreting the moods of Nature as Thoreau, the Yankee recluse; the same abnormal power of abstraction, and the same unwholesome shrinking from the

\* Leighton, Caroline C. A Swiss Thoreau. Boston. 1890. Pamphlet.

active interests of life. Both men were examples of what has been styled "the sterility of genius." They might have been successful men of letters, or perhaps artists, but preferred to remain almost unknown during lifetime, in order to reveal their thoughts to posterity in journals. Amiel left us a literary legacy of seventeen thousand folio pages, and Thoreau forty note-books. As types, they stand almost alone in recorded writings, — intensely individualistic, even to the point of egotism; seeking untiringly for the truth, and yet with little regard for others; filled with lofty ideals, but suffering from a paralysis of the will to act; dreaming dreams of ecstatic import, and satisfied with the study of self. It is only natural that a certain morbidness should have marred their lives. Amiel's ancestors, like Sismondi's, had come from Languedoc, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At the age of twelve, he was left an orphan, — a delicate, dreamy child, impressionable and religiously inclined. From 1842 to 1848 were his *Wanderjahre*, during which he travelled extensively in vacations, and spent

most of his term-time studying in Berlin. Returning to Geneva at the age of twenty-eight, he secured an appointment as Professor of *Æsthetics* and French Literature at the Academy of Geneva, exchanging it six years later for the professorship of Moral Philosophy. M. Edmond Scherer, his friend and biographer, says of him at this time: "In his young alertness, Amiel seemed to be entering upon life as a conqueror; one would have said the future was all his own."

How completely Amiel disappointed the hopes of his friend! His position at the Academy apparently ostracized him from congenial society, for it had come through the influence of the Radicals, then in power; and therefore the doors of the old intellectual aristocracy of Geneva were closed against him. He himself was not enough of a man of affairs to feel any sympathy with Radicalism, and so he virtually fell between two stools. Beyond a few articles in the reviews, and occasional verses, his life was barren of literary publications. His lectures were not popular, for he was afraid of handling his subjects

with persuasiveness. "I hate everything that savors of cajoling. . . . A professor is the priest of his subject, and should do the honors of it gravely and with dignity." Thus isolated, and thrown upon himself, he confided his aspirations to a Journal, written at odd moments after the day's work was done.

In the very opening words of his now famous book, Amiel struck the key-note of his being: "There is but one thing needful, to possess God." That was ever the utmost aim of his groping, melancholy soul, the object of his unremitting, cheerless craving, and the subject of his worshipful day-dreams. But one thing Amiel lacked; and that was love. "Love could have done everything for me," he mourned, towards the last. He searched for God alone, without help of his fellow-men. He did not sufficiently realize, until his later days, that the chief manifestation of God was in mankind itself; that He is best found in the image He has created.

Like Thoreau, he turned to Nature for consolation. Indeed, no man has ever expressed more perfectly the philosophic

aspect of inanimate things. "Every landscape is, as it were, a state of the soul. To open one's heart in purity to this ever pure Nature, to allow this immortal life of things to penetrate into one's soul, is at the same time to listen to the voice of God." There is something Buddhistic in the rapture of his silent reveries. Amiel for years contended against weak health, unlike Thoreau, who knew little of sorrow and sickness. He finally succumbed to heart disease at the age of sixty, leaving behind him his *Journal*, a collection of indifferent verses, — "Grains de Mil" and "Jour à Jour," — and the reputation of having been a man of great promise, who had been altogether unsuccessful. In 1882, M. Edmond Scherer, the eminent French critic, issued the "*Journal Intime*," with a long introduction. Renan and Paul Bourget were sufficiently impressed by it to declare their profound interest; and in 1885, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, attracted by the strange psychological case it presented, translated the *Journal* into English. Of the style, it need only be said that it vibrates with a marvellous poetic feeling. French critics

cannot, naturally enough, quite forgive Amiel his many Germanisms, caught from his student days in Berlin. Mrs. Ward thinks that "Amiel makes another link in a special tradition; he adds another name to the list of those who have won a hearing from their fellows as interpreters of the inner life, as the revealer of man to himself." Beside the sensualisms of Rousseau's "Confessions" and the hysterical revelations of a Marie Bashkirtseff, Amiel's spiritual struggles seem like the scent of spring flowers after the rank odors of tropical plants. He was no preacher, like Emerson and Carlyle, but perhaps fulfilled as noble a mission in merely laying bare his soul. "Let the living live," he once comforted himself, "and you, gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so." And, in truth, when he came to die, he looked forward to the end without regret. He could say in his final verdict, "I have been throughout in harmony with my best self."

He lies buried in the little churchyard at Clarens, this heavenly aspirant, who was a

worldly failure. Let us remember him as he once described himself: "I have been dreaming, my head in my hands. About what? About happiness. I have been asleep, as it were, on the fatherly breast of God. His will be done." It is there that he is resting now from his unequal contest here below.

#### VII. — MARC MONNIER.

(1829-1885.)

Geneva has produced no literary personage in recent years who can compare with Marc Monnier for a certain alertness and gayety of intellect. This poet-traveller was the very opposite of Amiel, his colleague in the University of Geneva.

Marc Monnier was born in Florence of a French father and a Genevese mother, spent his youth in Italy, studied at the German universities, and settled in Geneva in 1864. Ten years later he became Professor of Comparative Literature in what was then the Academy, and later became the University. He was a delightful con-

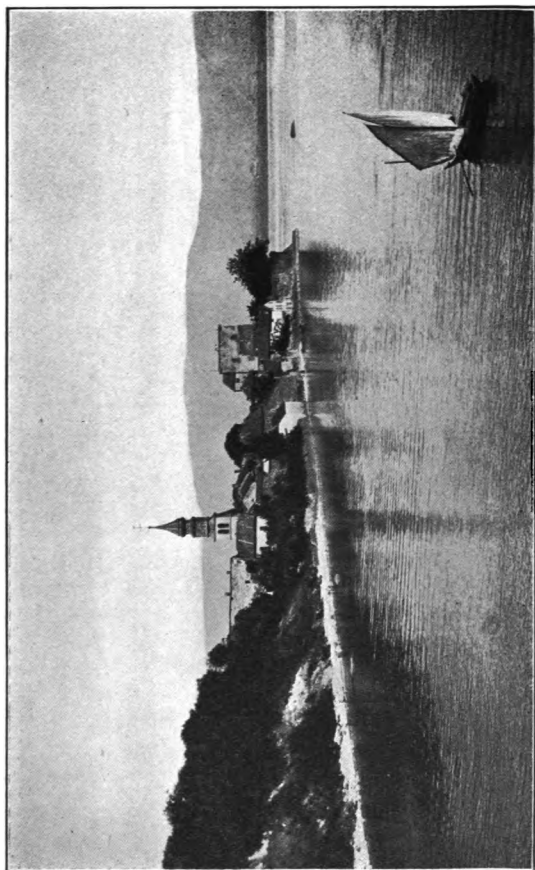
versationalist, and in his lectures charmed and stimulated the students, as much as Amiel bored them. His mind was pre-eminently that of an artist, — not over profound, but vigorous and versatile. Besides his numerous books on Italy, he wrote verses which are full of true poetic perfume. His collection of miniature comedies, entitled "Théâtre des Marionnettes," are delicious little bits, distinguished by that dainty mockery which the French call *malice*.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TOUR OF LAKE LEMAN.

**S**INCE 1816, when Byron and Shelley spent a week circling the lake in a rowboat, more than one method has been invented of making the same trip in a fraction of that time. The steamboats have come, as well as the railroads, on the Swiss and Savoy sides, and then the bicycle too. Only, if you choose this last vehicle, they say you must put your machine under the seal of the custom-house, to show that you are not going to sell it when you get into France, and thus bring ruin upon the infant bicycle industry of that country. On the whole, most of us will choose the express steamboat that starts from Geneva in the morning, and, touching only at the principal points, returns at dusk.

And, really, when the bell in the bow has rung its last tuneful warning, and the gangway has been drawn off with a mighty jerk



LAKE LEMAN.



and much clanking of chains, you have a right to congratulate yourself upon having chosen the boat in preference to the bicycle. For the awning over the deck flaps nervously in the morning air, the water sparkles joyously to the sun, and there is only just enough motion to show that you are really travelling. It is the acme of luxurious sight-seeing.

A little Italian band loses no time in striking up its tinkling medley of harp, guitars, and mandolins, while the passengers subside, one by one, into their seats for the long trip. Of course, that curious assortment of nationalities which constitutes the travelling public in Switzerland is well represented. In fact, were it not for the Swiss captain and crew, one would be at a loss to guess what flag ought to float from the stern.

Once outside the jetty, the boat glides along the Swiss shore, sown with country-seats in the midst of park-like grounds. The villa of Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild shines from an eminence. At Bellevue many handsome yachts are moored;

and near Versoix lies Prangins, the somewhat uninviting residence of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte. In the mean time, the Savoy side is seen to be more rustic and rugged. There are steep banks of vineyards, and then a succession of waterside hamlets, — La Bellotte, Bellerive, and others, — poor and lowly places, where fishing and farming seem to claim about equal portions of the people's time.

And all the while the stern of the boat pays out a lengthening wake of white foam, back through the blue of the lake to Geneva, fading in the distance. The water deepens in color as the *bise* freshens, taking on a silvery sheen that suggests the reflections in glacier crevasses. Barges bear down before the wind, or tack at various angles, their lateen sails tilted like the arms of a Dutch windmill. The long treeless range of the Jura glows with the glinting sunlight upon its slopes. It is all unspeakably vivid, like a bit of Levantine Mediterranean, with mountains added for a background.

At Coppet, the château of Madame de Staël barely shows above the tree-tops.

Nyon displays some old houses on the water-front, with bits of color on their balconies, or green blinds and flapping ends of bunting. The castle, with its towers, frowns above in fine, old-fashioned pride; and the ancient ramparts have been converted into the most delightful of arbored walks, whence Mont Blanc can be seen to the best advantage.

Nyon was originally a primitive Celtic town. Julius Cæsar made a Roman military colony of it, and its castle was the seat of Bernese bailiffs before the overthrow of the old Confederation. Charles Victor de Bonstetten, author and favored guest at Madame de Staël's château, was incumbent of this office for a time. One night he was notified that a shabbily dressed man wished to see him in the garden pavilion. "I am Carnot," said the forlorn individual to Bonstetten. "I beg for food and shelter, for I am starving." The great military organizer of the Revolution was escaping from France, driven out by one of the sudden changes in that upheaval. Bonstetten promptly took him in, and, in spite of his official capacity, pro-

vided him with a false passport. It is pleasant to know that when Carnot was once more in power, he invited Bonstetten to Paris, and showed his gratitude in a handsome manner.

Farther on, Rolle has an islet that is adorned with an obelisk in memory of Frédéric César Laharpe, — the man who, though a fierce Republican, was tutor to the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, and though a devout friend of his imperial master, was none the less an implacable leader in the revolt of Vaud against Bern. Morges, too, with its old château and new quay, lures us to stop; while the crenelated castle of Vufflens, on a height to the north, deserves a special visit, not only for its quite unauthentic reminiscences of Queen Bertha of Burgundy, but also because this "pearl of the land of Vaud" ranks, with Chillon and Gruyères, among the noblest specimens of feudal architecture in Switzerland.

But the boat steers for the Savoy shore, and all is changed as by enchantment. The rugged peaks of the Chablais impose

themselves, and alter the key in which the landscape is pitched. Stacks of lumber float at the mouth of a torrent; poplars line the roadsides; a flock of sheep sit in the shadow of great oaks. The summer pastures smile from their lofty slopes, and the rocks glisten with the melting snow.

Thonon is in France; the hat of the *gendarme* on the pier proves that conclusively. But Evian is more unmistakably French still, with its casino, its little park, and crowds of real holiday-makers. As a matter of fact, Evian suggests a typical old Savoyard village, galvanized into a summer resort by the infusion of hotels and Parisian toilets.

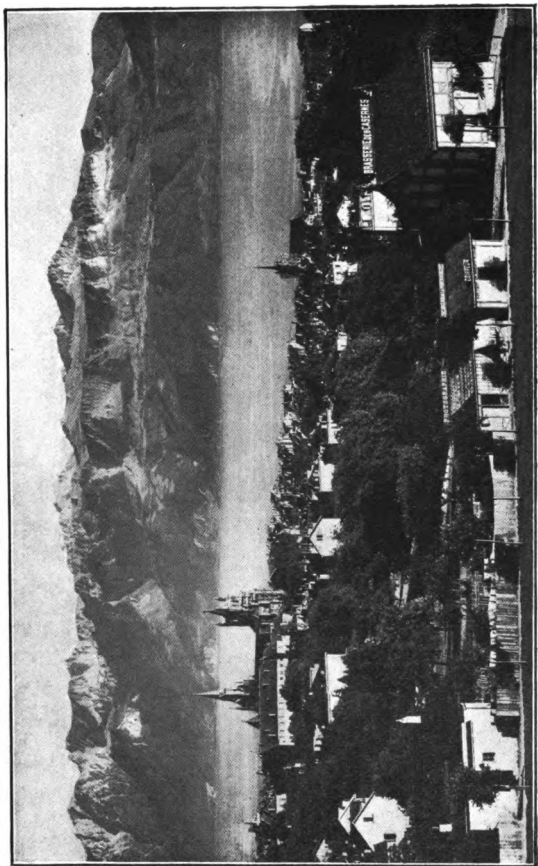
Not till we have touched at these two ports will the boat consent to turn again, — this time straight across to Lausanne, where that town lies on the vine-clad slope of Mont Jorat, enveloped at this distance in a vague haze. Unlike Geneva and Neuchâtel, which it resembles in a general way, Lausanne is not compactly grouped, but straggles up and down, in and out, in irregular patches. Dumas in his day (1833) said

its "white houses suggest from afar a flock of swans drying themselves in the sun." \* It is only when you are quite near, that you see the stately stretches of new terraces, and the central nucleus of housetops, gathered around the cathedral and the castle. Ouchy, the harbor village, looks bare and unattractive. There is, however, the fine Hôtel Beaurivage to the right; and they have built an enormous modern addition to the ancient tower, which used to face you, so grim and solitary, as you landed. Most people will also want to see the Anchor Inn, where Byron wrote that charming and most misleading poem of his on "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Lausanne may be a very charming place to linger in, but the boat does not stop long, for Vevey and Montreux are farther up the lake, each with well-established claims to be considered.

We skirt the wine-bearing slopes of Vaux, pass little St. Saphorin, with its curious old church, and finally touch at Vevey. It would be hard to find any place more

\* *Impressions de Voyages*,—Suisse; Paris. 1874. Vol. i., p. 52.



LAUSANNE.



quaintly cosey and neat, than this lakeside townlet. You just have time to see an old quay with lofty shade-trees, that has the ornate Château de l'Aile in one corner; back of that an enormous open market place, topped by a funny little corn-hall of many columns. The fine square tower of St. Martin looms upon its terrace. Farther along, a narrow miniature quay, planted with trees, carefully trimmed; then a gravelly beach, held in full possession by jabbering washerwomen; a swimming bath; and finally an old romantic tower, the Tour de Peilz, — such is the view of Vevey from the lake.

Some distance back and above the town, the old castle of Blonay reposes among great trees upon the hillside. Before the boat reaches its next stopping-place, there is just time to tell a story about it.

The Blonays came from across the lake in Chablais, and built this castle in 1175. Being feudal followers of the Counts of Savoy, they filled various important offices in the land of Vaud. On one occasion, several knights, at Turin, got disputing about the military prowess of married men

*versus* bachelors. It was a theme capable of producing a very large crop of duels, and so it was decided that champions should represent the two sides. Simon de Blonay was chosen to fight the cause of the married men, Corsaut de Bresse that of the bachelors. The conditions were that if the married knight was defeated, he should go cry mercy of Mademoiselle of Savoy and all other marriageable ladies of that house, as well as of another lady, to be specified by the victor. The bachelor knight, if defeated, should humiliate himself before all the married ladies of the ducal house, and especially before the wife of his conqueror.

Well, the married champion won, and the defeated bachelor rode off to perform his act of forfeit. After his visits in Savoy, he repaired to the land of Vaud, and found Madame de Blonay sitting on her castle terrace, with her baby on her knee. Thrice De Bresse cried for mercy, in humble attitude, to the great embarrassment of the sweet lady. But when an explanation had been given, Madame de Blonay, good woman as she was, imme

diately got an idea: she invited the neighboring nobility to a feast, and sat her cousin, Yolande de Villette, by her side. There was, of course, a good deal of chaffing at the expense of bachelors. De Bresse, not to be outdone, acknowledged that it was about time for him to marry, and actually looked at Yolande in the most significant way imaginable, so that, in fact, the young lady turned scarlet and heaved a sigh. It was all arranged between the two young people, with the consent of Madame de Blonay, after the guests had gone; and so the champion of the bachelors was twice defeated, in war and love.

The *bise* sometimes blows at Vevey, though not so often as at Lausanne and Geneva; and people who are afraid of it, prefer to stay somewhere in that heaven-blessed corner, called Montreux, which the northeast wind can never reach. The explanation of this immunity is very simple. That whole strip of land with a southern exposure, from Clarens to Ville-neuve, including the steep slopes up to Glion and Les Avants, is completely shel-

tered by the mountains of Gruyère. Hotels and vineyards dispute with each other for a foothold upon the mountain-side. A miniature Alpine Riviera has developed there, with a fashionable winter season, a grape-cure peculiar to itself, a Kursaal, and plenty of cheap *pensions*. All the points along this narrow lake-front are kept in constant communication by a bewildering profusion of systems, — a carriage-road, a railroad, an electric-car service, and steam-boats running on schedule time. Nothing like it was ever dreamed of before. It is the culminating perfection of rapid transit.

At Montreux, you have the choice of staying on the boat, which goes over to Villeneuve and Bouveret, or getting off and taking the cable-car to Glion. From up there, the incomparable magnificence of the view is disclosed with startling effect. The peaks of Savoy rear themselves in bristling array for a background. To the south, Villeneuve lies dead and grim; the valley of the Rhone stretches beyond; the river runs in its artificial bed, then shoots in a muddy line straight out into the lake.

Nearer by, compact Chillon stands in the opaque, blue water. To the west is Vevey, and after that the lake and its shores are lost in a veil of mist. It is all surpassingly beautiful. From the Rochers de Naye, above, to which a cogwheel railroad now runs, the view is the same in character, but more extended. There is no time, however, to make this excursion before the boat returns on its homeward stretch. Perhaps you can have a hurried glance at Chillon, but you really ought to have leisure to examine the five subterranean rooms in detail, the path worn by Bonivard, the famous names scratched on the pillars, — Byron, Shelley, Dumas, Victor Hugo, and George Sand. The cantonal policeman who guards the entrance will not fail to display a great deal of official pomposity; and this will remind you irresistibly of how Daudet's hero, poor Tartarin, was arrested for supposed complicity in Nihilistic outrages, and incarcerated in the dungeon of Bonivard by this very policeman. It must be the same man, for he is the image of the one who appears in the illustration in "Tartarin sur les Alpes."

The return trip is, of course, a good deal of a repetition, only the places have put on their afternoon colors, and the people their afternoon expressions. When the boat finally nears Geneva, Mont Blanc will be seen in the act of shifting its sunset shades of red, one upon another; but as you land, it will have finished, and will hang in mid-air like a great white spirit, supported by bands of grayish clouds. Then even the last passengers, who have insisted all along upon their money's worth, rise from the benches, stretch themselves, and mingle with the evening crowd on the quays of Geneva.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TWO VINEYARD TOWNS OF VAUD.

**I**T is not enough to see Lausanne and Vevey from the deck of a passing steamboat, one must know them from the inside, to realize their enduring charms.

The truth is, this whole lakeside district of Canton Vaud bears the impress of the utmost originality. It is a sunny, southern land, under the shelter of kindly mountains, consecrated from time immemorial to the grape, reflecting the great sickle-sweep of its shore in the unmatched mirror of the lake. To those to whom it has been given to know this region intimately, the ceaseless changes of the seasons seem somehow doubly beautiful there,—from the first awakening of the green on the lower pastures, while all the mountains round still glisten with the snow, to the final fall days, when the vineyards on the banks turn sere

of leaf, but brilliant with purple and yellow grapes that proclaim the hour of vintage. The pale lavender of the crocuses in the springtime, the violets by the wayside, and the narcissus cloying the upland meadows with its sweetness,—do they not seem to belong to some transplanted Japan? The very gulls that scream about the quays and rocky headlands in winter, appear whiter than elsewhere, against the marvellous blue of the water.

The two best wine-producing stretches on this shore are La Côte and Vaux,— the former near Rolle, and the latter to the east of Lausanne. Ancient ordinances regulate the time and manner of vintage with great precision. Every bunch is watched, from the flower to maturity, in that truly Swiss spirit of thrift, which is almost sordid by reason of the hard struggle for existence. It must be confessed that the wine itself is a trifle sharp, and that a liking for it must be acquired. Not so the grapes, however, which, thanks to the invention of the grape-cure, can be eaten in any quantity with a quiet conscience, and even with a sense of self-sacrifice.

## I. — LAUSANNE.

A cable-road, which the people call facetiously *La Ficelle*, or "the string," mounts from Ouchy to Lausanne proper. Still, in spite of many modern conveniences, life in Lausanne continues to be literally uphill work. The streets are irregular and steep, full of unexpected turns and novel surprises. We are not told why the Romans, who called the place *Lausonium*, settled here; probably they followed the example of Celtic predecessors. But in the Middle Ages the bishop and his canons occupied the cathedral hill; the nobles fortified themselves upon the adjoining eminence, *Du Bourg*; and the traders, with other people who were of no account in the feudal system, had to find room somehow at the base. And so it came about that succeeding generations in Lausanne have had to trudge and climb away the better part of their lives.

The simple Gothic of the cathedral is, upon the whole, unsurpassed in Switzerland. The present structure dates from the thir-

teenth century, and witnessed the famous reconciliation between Pope Gregory X. and Rudolf of Habsburg. In 1536, one of the great disputations to which the Reformation gave rise, took place here, in which Calvin, Farel, and Viret took part. The interior has now, perhaps, too much of the scrubbed and cold appearance of Protestant churches, but it is none the less nobly impressive. Its glory is the rose window facing the east, thirty feet in diameter, that glows towards the morning sun with the gleam of many thousand jewels. The Portal of the Apostles, on the west side, is a monument in itself; but unfortunately, its soft sandstone has crumbled, until the whole is practically in ruins. The south portal has been restored, along with many other parts of the church, from plans by Viollet-le-Duc. A tomb of Otto of Grandson and a tablet dedicated by Laharpe to the patriot martyr, Major Davel, attract attention. Vulliemin says that one of the cathedral bells, having succumbed to a fire, was recast, and therefore now bears the following inscription:—

"Ma forme que j'avois par la flamme perdue  
Ma de rechef esté par la flamme rendue." \*

The same writer affirms that, not ninety years ago, the ladies and gentlemen of Lausanne used to dance under the chestnut-trees of the cathedral terrace, singing *à la ronde*.

Of the castle, little need be said. It is built with a sandstone foundation and an ugly brick superstructure, crenellated at the top, and flanked by four little towers on the corners. The new additions that are being made, threaten to destroy even these dubious charms. The Cantonal Museum contains natural history collections and a library, and is approached through a yard ennobled by great trees.

There is more to see, if you climb down into the city by the one hundred and sixty steps of that quaint, wooden *Escalier du Marché*. Twice a week the country people organize a market in the streets of Lausanne, that trails in perplexing curves and steep inclines, through the narrow streets from the post-office up to the Place Riponne.

\* Le Canton de Vaud, Lausanne. 1862.

Here it unexpectedly develops into a full-fledged fair, with booths for almost every kind of article, from cheese to cheap prints. One side of this square is flanked by an open, pillared corn-hall; the other, by the unpretentious Musée Arlaud, which contains a very small, and by no means remarkable, collection of pictures. Here, too, will face the new university buildings, when they are completed, — thanks to the one million and a half of francs, left by a grateful Russian, Gabriel de Rumine. In 1891, the old academy blossomed forth as a university, and received the good wishes of student delegations from many nations, assembled to celebrate its inauguration with much banqueting and amid popular festivities.

In the centre of the town stands a truly Swiss *Hôtel de Ville*. Its overhanging eaves have painted figures on the under side; peaceful pigeons associate on the best of terms with two terrific gargoyles that project threateningly; and a funny little tower points from the roof. On the west side, the new Palais de Justice Fédéral, the seat of the Supreme Court of Switzerland,

spreads its white architecture amid the shady avenues of Montbenon. But you will see all this, and more too, if you climb to the Signal above Lausanne. Thence, not only the city itself, but the whole length of the lake is revealed, from the hazy, flat lines near Geneva to the jagged mountains of the upper end; while, inland, vast undulations of wood and meadow stretch northward in endless alternation.

The local type is certainly more Swiss than that of Geneva, more rustic. The Vaudois seem to have absorbed a little of the acidity of their wine, to temper their many sterling qualities. Mr. Howells, whom I cannot help quoting again, during his stay at Villeneuve was continually reminded of the New England that is past, or passing. He speaks of "the surliness of the men and the industry of the women." "The Vaudois, as I saw them," he writes, "were at no age a merry folk. In the fields they toiled silently; in the cafés, where they were sufficiently noisy over their new wine, they talked without laughter, and without the shrugs and gestures that

enliven conversation amongst other Latin peoples." He noticed the "hard, pure, plain faces" of the women, and was much impressed with their voices, "which are the sweetest and most softly modulated voices in the world, whether they come from the throat of peasant or of lady, and can make a transaction in eggs and butter in the market-place as musical as chanted verse."\* I can also add that the complexions of the young girls are exceptionally rosy, and their coming and going is almost unfettered by rules of false conventionality.

In point of fact, many English parents select Lausanne for the education of their children, which is due almost as much to the wholesome, open-air atmosphere of the place, as to the cheap schools, — unless, indeed, there be any truth in the insinuation, sometimes uttered, that since the Prince of Wales's sons were in Lausanne, the lingering aroma of royalty proves perfectly irresistible. Certainly the merits of cheapness *plus* royalty must be very fetching indeed.

But the fashion for living in Lausanne

\* A Little Swiss Sojourn. New York. p. 54.

was set long ago by a very great Englishman, — Edward Gibbon, author of the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” His first visit was made in 1753, when only sixteen years old. He had espoused Catholicism, and his father sent him to live with a Protestant pastor, Pavillard by name, who was to cure him of this preposterous idea. The worthy tutor was quite successful. Young Gibbon even went farther than was intended, for he mixed in the circle of bright spirits whom Voltaire had gathered about himself. The French philosopher frequently resided at Montriond, and used to go so far as to say of the Lausannois, “They have succeeded in wedding the politeness of Athens to the simplicity of Lacedæmon.” In this society, Gibbon also met Suzanne Curchod, — “the beautiful Curchod,” as they called her in Lausanne, — daughter of a poor country clergyman. The two became engaged; but when, after a five years’ stay, Gibbon returned to England, he broke his troth on the plea of his father’s refusal. Suzanne’s passionate protests and Gibbon’s cold-blooded insistence are revealed in the

printed correspondence that passed between the lovers. Rousseau called him "a man to be despised" for this shabby conduct. Indications are not wanting also that the young lady had an eye to the young gentleman's wealth and social position. When Gibbon next met his old flame, she was the wife of Necker, the great financier of Louis XVI. of France, and mother of a girl who was to be famous as Madame de Staël. Perhaps, therefore, it was just as well that the Gibbon marriage did not come off; we might never have had our great authoress. There can be no doubt, however, that the historian was singularly susceptible to feminine charms, although he never married. We have that delightful anecdote, now of course declared spurious, about his falling on his knees before Madame de Montolieu, a captivating widow who wrote a great many wishy-washy romances in her day. As he was at that time enormously fat, he could not rise again, in spite of her protests; and so she was obliged to ring for the servant to "lift up the gentleman."

On the whole, Gibbon exerted little influence upon Lausanne. He made a

second visit of a year in 1763, and finally a third from 1783 to 1793, but was remembered rather as a selfish savant, much eulogized, but not much liked. M. Rossel says: "He passed like a large meteor whose light is admired, but not utilized." \*

## II. — VEVEY.

Smaller than Lausanne, not perched upon a hill in the track of wind and sun, but edging down to the water-side upon a rounded promontory, Vevey impresses one as having a sweet and sensitive personality, like the modest maid of our grandmother's time. Lausanne seems more like the modern girl, displaying her accomplishments at once for the asking. Rousseau says in his "Confessions": "I went to Vevey and lodged at the 'Clef,' and during the two days which I passed there without seeing any company, I took such a strong liking for the town, that its remembrance has accompanied me in all my

\* *Histoire Littéraire de la Suisse Romande*, vol ii., p. 85.

travels, and caused me to fix upon it as the residence of the hero of my romance." In fact, the various scenes of the "Nouvelle Héloïse" were all laid in this neighborhood. The "Clef" still stands; it is the house next to the Doric corn-hall in the market-place on the north. At No. 1, Rue de Lausanne, Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul, lodged on his journey to the Great St. Bernard, to gain his victory at Marengo.

The market-place is particularly interesting when the Savoyard boatmen cross the lake in their lateen barges, laden with fagots and sacks of chestnuts, and the Vaudois peasantry bring their garden produce and cattle fodder for sale. The meeting of these two elements causes considerable picturesque animation. But better still is the spectacle in April, when the annual distribution of prizes to the school children takes place, the *Fête des Promotions*. On this occasion the cadets of the *collège* indulge in a sham battle that is simply terrific, — and always ends in the same way. A last desperate stand is invariably made on the steps of the corn-hall by serried ranks of miniature soldiery.

A line of grim sharpshooters kneel in front, ready to shed their proverbial last drop of blood in the defence of the local *forum*. But the advancing field-guns of the artillery boom furiously, and make even this position untenable. There is an heroic struggle on the steps; a final bloody episode takes place under the vaulted roof, which re-echoes with some last stray shots; and then everybody goes off, in the best of spirits, to the collation, prepared for the survivors.

Most wonderful of all, however, is the aspect of the market-place, when that unique festival, the *Fête des Vignerons*, recurs after its long intermission. There is not anywhere in Europe a popular performance at once more splendid and yet so naïve. It is the celebration of the vintage in song and dance, the supreme symbolic expression of this vineyard land of Vaud. Pitched in the key of rustic gayety, and acted on the plane of animal spirits, it yet deserves to rank with the Passion Play at Oberammergau, for the genuine, spontaneous, and truthful manner of its production. The *Fête des Vignerons* is the artistic apotheosis of the grape.

The origin of this festival cannot be established with any certainty. It has sometimes been ascribed to the monks of Haut Crêt, who are said to have called the people together for general rejoicing, after they had successfully planted vines upon the slopes of Vaux. Other writers profess to trace it back to Roman times, when the vine was first introduced. A fraternity, or guild, of vine-dressers, the Abbaye des Vignerons, has been in existence for many centuries. Unfortunately its archives were destroyed by fire in 1688. The festival is supposed to be given every fifteen years; but, as a matter of fact, the intervals have been much longer than that. The last performance was in 1889; the one before that in 1865; and there was one farther back in 1833, when Fenimore Cooper was present, and gave a description of it in his novel, "The Headsman."

Special music and special dances are composed by Swiss artists for each festival; a ballet-master spends six months in Vevey, training the performers; and what is simply astounding, the thirteen hundred to fifteen hundred participants are all

recruited from the neighborhood. Only local talent is enlisted; but old and young alike are needed, so that the result is essentially patriarchal and pastoral. It is a monster family festival, produced with all the accessories of art.

The fête of 1889 lasted from the 5th to the 10th of August. Its success was overwhelming, both as a splendid spectacle and as a patriotic celebration. Music, dancing, poetry, painting, and architecture had all been pressed into service. The enormous amphitheatre was filled with a crowd of between twelve thousand and fifteen thousand spectators on the various days.

Let us take our seats with them. The booming of cannon announces that the mighty procession has started across the old-fashioned streets of Vevey. The first to enter the theatre portal is a troop of ancient Swiss, marked with scarlet and white crosses, carrying halberds. Then follow the Abbaye des Vignerons, with the abbé at their head, who holds a crosier, after them the local councillors, and then vine-dressers in green tunics, white breeches,

and straw hats. But this display is merely a foretaste. From the three portals, three great allegorical groups pour simultaneously into the arena,—Pales, with her troop in springtime shades, her gardeners, haymakers, shepherds, and *armaillis* with a herd of cows; Ceres, in brilliant harvest colors, accompanied by sowers, threshers, and winnowers; and finally Bacchus, surrounded by vine-dressers, satyrs, fauns, and bacchantes. The performances of these costumed actors create a bewildering succession of pictures. The domestic comedy of a country wedding is acted by a real young couple, married only a few weeks ago. The harvesters, sowers, vine-dressers, etc., dance in imitation of their several occupations. An *armailli* sings the Ranz des Vaches. There is a marvelous scintillation of rustic tools. The air throbs with exuberance. And when, at the close, the united participants intone their

“Heureux enfants d’une heureuse enfance,”

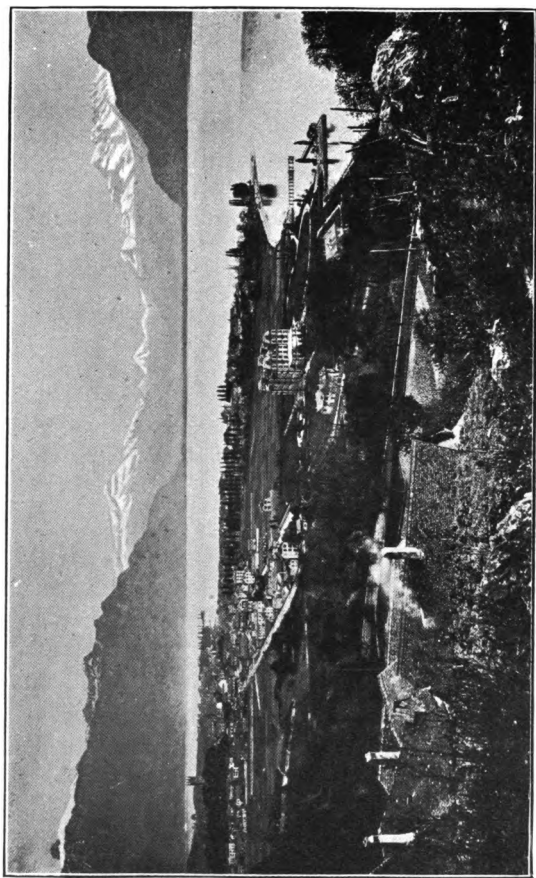
people rise in their seats unable to contain themselves, or burst into tears, unnerved and exhausted by their very joy.

The essential charm of these performances does not lie so much in perfect execution, as in the spirit which pervades them. The actors are not performing professional rôles for pay; they are representing their actual occupations in an idealized form. They are real haymakers, vine-dressers, and herders, expressing the indwelling, artistic essence of their daily occupations. They are celebrating the triumph of out-door labor. It would be as difficult to impart this natural, rustic quality to the typical chorus girls of our tinsel stage, as to shift the Savoy Alps themselves for scenery in an opera-house.

But Vevey is interesting, even when the *Fête des Vignerons* is not on. By all means, walk up the hill to old St. Martin. Besides its shady avenues and glorious outlook, the church can boast of harboring the tombs of two English regicides, Ludlow and Broughton. The former was one of the judges who condemned Charles I., and the latter read the sentence to him. These men were not safe from Charles II.'s vengeance even in Vevey; for at their house, which

stood on the site of the present Hôtel du Lac, they were allowed to keep a special alarm-bell to ring in case of need. We are not told that the alarm was ever given; but certain it is, that Ludlow was once fired upon, as he was leaving St. Martin, and that the would-be assassin escaped across to Savoy. The American descendants of John Phelps, clerk of the court which tried Charles Stuart, not long since also placed a tablet in memory of their ancestor in St. Martin.

Vevey has had quite a checkered career for so respectable a place. As far as we know, it began life as a Celtic station, then became a Roman colony, formed part of Transjurane Burgundy, succumbed to a variety of ecclesiastical and secular rulers, was sacked and burned by the mountaineers of the Simmenthal, nearly depopulated by the plague, and held in subjection by Bern, until the Helvetic Revolution allowed it to take its proper place as the second town in Canton Vaud. Rousseau's eulogies did much to popularize the place as a traveller's resort. The Hôtel Monnet, or Des Trois Couronnes, practically served as



VEVEY.



model for succeeding generations of Swiss hotels. Many people of title settled here or in the neighborhood. Don Carlos and his family maintained a sort of small court for three or four years.

The wine trade of Vevey is quite important, but the manufacture of a peculiar kind of cigar has given it a European reputation. This brand is made of home-grown tobacco, coarse, but pure, and very cheap. With practice, one can learn to like even the cigars that cost half a cent apiece. The taste is acquired, perhaps, but not necessarily depraved, because it is satisfied at a small cost. There seems to be every likelihood, however, that another commercial product will soon outrival even wine and cigars. That wonderful preparation, described upon advertisements as "Nestlé's Condensed Milk" has conquered for itself a recognized position in the nurseries of the world. Some mothers may still be very much set about the respective merits of other baby foods; but it is a fact that the photographs of babies fed on Nestlé's preparation, create a very favorable impression indeed. It is evident that

Vevey appreciates the enormous influence of the modern woman, and seeks to ingratiate itself, through her, into the good opinion of the rising generation.

And, really, Vevey needs friends, for it has been quite overshadowed, as a stranger's resort, by that fashionable upstart farther up the lake, Montreux. Indeed, one need never feel any sympathy for that ideally situated place; it is too terribly prosperous. You may continue to go to Montreux; but your best wishes will invariably stay with old-fashioned Vevey, that makes less pretences, and has, at all events, an historic background.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OFF THE TOURIST TRACK.

**B**ACK of the vineyard slopes of Lake Lemman, the Pays de Vaud is like a rustic garden, where little old-fashioned towns grow upon the hilltops. It is an upland, undulating plateau, mainly agricultural, swept by the *bise*, where grapes do not thrive; but there are stretches of fair meadow-land, ploughed fields, and orchards, with farms freely sprinkled about. Above all, it is a land fairly bristling with castellated towns, like the landscapes of mediæval painters, perched as in Tuscany, gleaming with whitewash, and still, for the most part, provided with the accoutrements of feudalism, — walls, towers, and gates.

And yet, it cannot be said that the history of this ancient Pays de Vaud is at all inspiring, or particularly creditable to the successive generations which have inhabited it. For, in truth, the people seem to

have been fated, until comparatively recent times, to remain in subjection to petty local rulers or foreign conquerors. It is remarkable that the present appearance of the country should still reflect an ancient servitude which has long since been abolished.

Every castle tower points the finger to some bygone act of political humiliation; every wall and gate recalls the former necessity for self-defence against petty, preying lordlings. From the time when the Helvetii were conquered by Julius Cæsar, and sent back into this region to rebuild the twelve cities they had burned behind them, to the conquest of the whole country by the Bernese, the Pays de Vaud never knew the privileges of self-government. While their Germanic neighbors in the Forest States were victoriously repelling the encroachments of Habsburg-Austria, the Vaudois lay in apathetic submission. The ill-fated revolt led by Major Davel, at the end of the last century, seems to have been their only serious effort. They did not know a period of freedom, until the French Revolutionists enfranchised them from Bern.

## I.—SOME HILL TOWNS.

The march of modern travel has left these hill towns on one side, so that the guide-books barely mention them. And yet their fantastic picturesqueness might make the fortune of some clever etcher, so original and old-world are their lines. As for the student of history, he will recognize in them some of the most perfect, if unpretentious, survivals of mediævalism to be found anywhere.

Taking Lausanne as a starting-point, you can run up to Yverdon, and pass several of them on the way, — Cossonay, La Sarraz, and Orbe, — delightful little places, full of feudal flavor. Perhaps a trip from Lausanne through the valley of the Broye will be, on the whole, the most paying, and at the same time throw more sidelights upon Swiss history.

The train for Morat climbs the steep lake-front in curves and over viaducts, with the usual Swiss slowness tenfold exaggerated by the uphill grade. At the top, there is just time to cast a backward look over

the ever memorable magnificence of the lake, the pale green of the vineyards, and the violet richness of the Savoy mountains. Then the train plunges into a tunnel, and emerges on the other side in what seems another world. The colors there are sombre by contrast, — crudely green, as though lacking the haze that gives atmosphere to Lake Lemman. For this reason, it is perhaps preferable to travel in the opposite direction, so as to pass from the subdued tones of the uplands to the brilliancy of the lake scenery.

At Palezieux our train leaves the main track, that leads to Romont, Fribourg, and Bern, and follows the delightful valley of the Broye. This was the route of the Romans; and the little castled towns, so characteristic of this region, immediately appear to right and left, — Oron; Ecublens; Rue, one of the sweetest of them all; Moudon, with a massive, square building; and Lucens, leaning against its fort-crowned hill. The constantly recurring ending in *ens* is doubtless an abbreviation for the common Latin *ensis*. Farther along, an old château, perched above precipitous

cliffs, is happily called Surpierre; and then the towers of Payerne rise from the broadening plain.

To tell the truth, Payerne is the least remarkable in appearance of all the towns in the valley of the Broye, as it is also the most modern and thriving among them. Indeed, it has actually quite a vulgar commercial reputation for pork sausages. But, in spite of this unfortunate drawback, the place is historically interesting, on account of its reminiscences of Bertha, Queen of Transjurane Burgundy.

A certain Margrave, Rudolf, had utilized the confusion which followed the Treaty of Verdun, to have himself crowned King of Transjurane Burgundy, in 888. His son, Rudolf II., attempted to enlarge the new kingdom in the direction of Alamannia, was defeated by Burkhard I., the duke of that country, and eventually reconciled to him in the most charming manner by marrying his daughter Bertha. During the absences of her husband upon warlike expeditions, and later, throughout the minority of her son Conrad, the good queen showed extraordinary executive ability.

She was a sort of German *Hausfrau* on a royal scale, retaining, in her Romance environment, the small economies and house-keeping thrift of her Teutonic training. Tradition represents her as riding from farm to farm, from manor to manor, upon a white palfrey, spinning the while from her distaff, which fitted into a hole in the saddle. To this day, the people of Vaud speak of "le temps où Berthe filait" as equivalent to "good old times." She built roads, encouraged agriculture and the planting of vines, succored the sick, and reproved the lazy. When the country was invaded by hordes of Magyars and Saracens, she organized the defence by erecting towers of refuge on commanding points.

Her personality impressed itself so strongly upon the memory of her contemporaries, that succeeding generations, as usual, considered it necessary to translate her into legendary lore. Several Swiss artists have tried their hands at picturing her, and many poems have celebrated her virtues.

In 961, Bertha founded a Benedictine abbey at Payerne, endowing it richly with

revenues and serfs. The church is now a granary, and the monastery a school; but that does not prevent these buildings from being very much admired by art lovers. The pious queen and her beautiful daughter, Adelaide, who became the wife of Otto, the Great, of Germany, took a deep interest in this foundation. The deed of endowment is still extant in two copies. An elaborate curse is appended, quite in the spirit of the times: "If any power be so bold as to invade the possessions of the servants of God," Bertha devoutly hopes, "they will be declared deprived of eternal life." The school-children who pour daily through the ancient portal show no signs of suffering from this curse. In 1817, her remains and those of her husband, Rudolf, as well as of her son Conrad, were discovered under the floor of the abbey church. At least, the authorities of Canton Vaud identified the skeletons found there as belonging to these personages. They were transferred to the parish church, where their tombs are marked with a long inscription.

On her seals she is styled, *Berta Dei Gracia Humilis Regina* (Bertha, by the

grace of God the humble queen). Travelers are still shown at Payerne her identical famous saddle, with the hole for a distaff; but heartless archæologists now affirm that this curious object is in reality a mediæval instrument of torture, by which prisoners could be fastened on horseback.

Of quite another stamp is the one other noted character which Payerne suggests, — Henri Jomini. He was born there, in 1779, but his military career was passed entirely in foreign countries. As a soldier of fortune of a superior kind, peculiar to his time, and now no longer possible, he distinguished himself throughout the wars which convulsed Europe after the French Revolution, both as a leader and military writer. Aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and attached for years to the person of Napoleon, Jomini had ample opportunity of studying strategy. His principal works were a "Traité des Grandes Opérations" and his "Histoire des Guerres de la Révolution." But he had an enemy, Berthier, who intrigued continually against his advancement; and so Jomini, one fine day, in disgust, went over to the Russians, and accepted a high posi-

tion in that army. Napoleon himself, however, at St. Helena, acknowledged that Jomini had not betrayed any secrets to his new friends. Jomini followed the campaigns of the Allies to the Congress of Vienna, lived to see the Crimean War, and died in 1869, just before the outbreak of the Franco-German War. His works are even now by no means antiquated, and he insisted upon one very modern idea at least in his writings. He was a strong partisan of a Franco-Russian alliance, as the only means of maintaining the European equilibrium, and counteracting the maritime power of England. Indeed, he practically demonstrated this theory of an alliance in his own family; for two of his daughters were married in France, another in Russia, and two sons even became Russian subjects, yet their family relations are said to have remained most affectionate.

## II. — A FORGOTTEN CAPITAL.

One can never escape altogether from the circle of Roman remains in Europe. They turn up in the most unlikely places.

In Romance Switzerland, they abound; but still one is curiously impressed to find in the little insignificant town of Avenches, farther along this valley of the Broye, the forgotten capital of a Roman province,—the ancient Aventicum of the Latin charts. Even before the beginning of the Christian era, the various Celtic tribes, inhabiting what is now Swiss soil, had fallen a prey to the conquerors of the world,—the Helvetii in B.C. 58, the clans of the Valais in the next year, and the Raeti of the eastern Alps in B.C. 15. These acquisitions were promptly organized into provinces, and the unfailing Roman roads built to secure military and commercial communication. One of the principal routes from Italy to Germany led from Aosta over the Great St. Bernard to Martigny, by Vevey and Avenches (Aventicum), to the defences on the Rhine. Aventicum was made the capital of the Helveto-Roman province, and the centre of a network of minor roads. Under Vespasian and Titus, it attained the proportions of a veritable metropolis, with some fifty thousand inhabitants, and flourished during the reigns of succeeding

emperors, until it was destroyed by the sweeping stream of the invading Alamanni.

Modern Avenches is one of the most charming of hill towns. Compact within its walls, it crowns an oblong eminence, the site of a Roman castellum. A mediæval castle stands at one end, with peaked towers, pretty ornate windows, and blinds curiously painted in stripes, after the fashion of so many Swiss châteaux. The surrounding plain is thickly planted with tobacco. One hardly knows whether to be more surprised at the endless strings of tobacco-leaves, drying in the sun under the eaves of old-fashioned houses and in buildings especially adapted for the purpose, or at the *pensionnat* for girls, that is patronized by English and foreign families: these two local products are so ill-assorted, and seem so out of place in their archaeological environment.

Ancient Aventicum lay mostly in the plain to the east of the present town. At the station itself, a part of the old wall is visible, which can be traced for almost its whole circumference of four miles. It used to be studded with eighty or ninety towers;

only one now remains. From the field of grass which was once the forum, rises a columnar structure, known as the "Cigognier," because it used to be a favorite place for storks (French, *cigogne*) to build their nest upon. Dumas saw a nest of storks upon it in 1833, and affirms that there was a fine of seventy francs for any one who should kill one of the birds. In spite of this protection of the law, the "Cigognier" has now for many years been tenantless.

In Roman times, Aventicum was connected with Lake Morat by a canal, and there was continuous water transport over the lakes of Neuchâtel and Bienne. An ancient theatre is now being carefully excavated. The outlines of an amphitheatre, capable of seating between eight thousand and ten thousand people, are seen on the hillside near the entrance to Avenches. In the low ground, towards the solitary wall-tower, innumerable articles of Roman origin have been discovered, notably some superb mosaic floors.

Under the auspices of a society *Pro Aventico*, the most noteworthy objects have been set up in a little local museum.

But every now and then, an inscription can be seen imbedded in the building material of some house. The effect is doubly impressive, because the spirit of Avenches is so rustic and provincial. Indeed, nothing could be more remarkable than this little country town, dwindled down to less than two thousand inhabitants, but surrounded by evidences of a splendid past. Unknown, except to a few archæologists, and yet intensely suggestive to visitors, Avenches sits upon her hill, forgotten and forlorn, but ever beautiful, waiting, perhaps, for some new impulse of prosperity that may restore her prestige. There is an infinite pathos in this decayed metropolis of the Helveto-Romans, which even the smiling meadows in the plain, the whispering wheat, and the dark green tobacco-rows cannot make one forget.

The train does not take long to run from Avenches to Morat, and yet what a span of centuries lies between the two places! A whole change of civilization is expressed by the transition. The latter is famous in the world's history for the second great victory which the Swiss Confederates

gained over Charles, the Bold, of Burgundy, the first being at Grandson, on the lake of Neuchâtel. The sites of these two victories are not far apart, as distances go; it might be well, therefore, to consider them together.

### III.—TWO BURGUNDIAN BATTLEFIELDS.

When the Swiss Confederates were urged into war with Charles, the Bold, by the combined intrigues of Louis XI. of France and Duke Sigmund of Austria, their opponent was considered the richest prince in Europe. It was his special ambition to found a great middle kingdom between France and Germany. After advancing so far towards the accomplishment of his plans, that he actually reigned from the Zuyder Zee to the lake of Neuchâtel, he met an obstacle in the military prowess of the Swiss which not only shattered all his hopes, but eventually left him dead upon the battlefield.

In order to approach these two battlefields in their proper historical sequence, Grandson must be taken before Morat

Imagine yourself, therefore, transported to that place at the lower end of Lake Neuchâtel.

Grandson, it is true, like Vevey, derives its modern reputation chiefly from a native brand of cigars; but one must not be disconcerted by this apparent incongruity, and rather turn resolutely to the past. An old Romanesque church, which formerly belonged to an abbey, is said to be very interesting to art lovers; and certainly the fine castle, restored and inhabited by a Baron de Blonay, is impressive even without its historical associations. The railroad passes directly under the cliff upon which the castle is perched,—in fact, cutting off an outlying bit of fortification from the main wall. A court, resembling that of Gruyères, fairly exhales the knightly age; while the gallery that runs around the top of its walls, is very suggestive of the famous siege.

The most noted occupant of this castle was Knight Otto, of Grandson, who has the distinction of having been the first poet of French Switzerland. He was born in 1330, served under Edward III. of Eng-

land in the French wars, and died in a judicial duel fought with his jealous neighbor across the lake, Gerard of Estavayer. The latter had made some accusations against him, which are not clearly understood to this day; and Knight Otto, although he must have been about seventy years old, considered himself bound to satisfy honor. He was pierced at the first encounter, and that is why, on his tomb in the Cathedral of Lausanne, his hands are represented as resting on a cushion, in token that he died under the ban. His verses consisted of the pastorals, rondels, and love plaints, affected by the Troubadours of his day, — sweet and melancholy notes of entreaty or protest to his *très douce damoiselle*. But they must have possessed unusual merit, or Chaucer would not have translated Otto's "Complaint of Mars and Venus," and called him "the flower of French poets." It is also pleasant to know that although Otto acknowledged that his fair friend proved unfaithful to him, he continued to be a recognized champion of women in the poetic tournaments, where their virtues and frailties were frankly discussed.

But now to describe the siege and battle.

Charles, the Bold, marched upon Bern, by way of Neuchâtel, in February of 1476. A garrison of some five hundred Swiss, hastily gathered and badly provisioned, held Grandson, to block his way. Finally, made desperate by lack of reinforcements, they surrendered to his army of twenty thousand men, having defended themselves with unexpected success for at least ten days. The prisoners, four hundred and twelve in number, were condemned to death, and hanged on the trees in the camp. In the mean time, the main force of the Swiss advanced from Neuchâtel to meet Charles, the Bold, with perhaps eighteen thousand troops. The two armies met near the spur which descends from the Jura down to the lake, at the hamlet of La Lance, some five miles north of Grandson. The Swiss drove the Burgundian outposts down the slopes, and, after a sharp engagement, scattered the magnificent army of Charles, the Bold, helter-skelter over the plain. There was comparatively little loss of life, but the booty found in the camp was simply

invaluable. "The Duke had brought with him the paraphernalia of his chapel and table, habiliments and regalia used on occasions of state."\* No wonder the rude Swiss were demoralized by these riches, and quarrelled over them for years after. Jomini explains the Burgundian defeat from the point of view of a tactician in the following manner: "Charles had committed the fault of encamping with one of his wings resting on a lake, the other, ill assured, at the foot of wooded mountains."†

There is a certain family likeness between the battles of Grandson and Morat. They both began with obstinately contested sieges, the whole Burgundian army attacking a relatively small Swiss garrison, and both ended in great pitched battles which proved overwhelming victories for the Swiss.

In June of the same year, Charles, the Bold, returned to the charge against Bern,

\* Kirk, J. F. *History of Charles, the Bold, Duke of Burgundy*, vol. iii., p. 342.

† *Ibid*, p. 346.

but this time by way of Morat. On the 9th of June, 1476, his army encamped before that little walled town, which has preserved its antique aspect to this day with singular perfection.

It would be hard to imagine anything more faultlessly feudal than that first sight of Morat from the land side, when you leave the railroad station,—the circling wall, the strong towers springing at intervals from its top, the castle in one corner, and round about the fields and gardens of living green to set off this mediæval jewel. On the other side of Morat, the placid lake pales under the noonday sun, the vine-clad hill of Vully shuts off the lake of Neuchâtel, and a pathetic by-gone glory hovers about its small provincial buildings.

As the railroad station is some distance off, you have time to drop all modernness by the wayside, and compose your mind in a feudal frame before the gate is reached. Within the walls, the spirit of remote centuries reigns undisturbed. Two long parallel streets run from end to end, with a few cross-cuts to connect them. The white houses of stone and mortar have wide,

overhanging eaves that, on the side streets, shelter rows of yellow ears of corn, or bundles of flax and hemp, strung up to dry.

If the very streets breathe the atmosphere of another age, the wooden gallery which skirts the wall on the inside, is still more full of feudal flavor. A staircase starts from behind the church in one corner. There are occasional strong towers and peep-holes everywhere. The mouldering beams, now pathetically unsafe, are scratched full of lovers' names. This is the place to conjure up the memorial siege which preceded the battle. You must imagine the Burgundian host encamped outside, and see the brave defenders on the watch, spread along this gallery, or rallying at the gates.

The garrison was well supplied with ammunition and provisions, and commanded by the intrepid Adrian von Bubenberg. Outside the wall, there were ditches and other outworks, but Von Bubenberg ordered the gates to be left open, in order to urge his men to vigilance. The siege was carried on with utmost bitterness by Charles, the Bold, for a fortnight, until the

Swiss Confederates came to the rescue. Some stone cannon-balls may still be seen imbedded in the northern wall,— I know not whether actually shot there, or only found in the vicinity, and afterward walled in.

The Swiss advanced with about twenty-five thousand men, the same in number as the Burgundians. They came over the hills from Gümminen, in the valley of the Saane, and, as at Grandson, drove the enemy before them in disorder. The battle degenerated into an atrocious butchery. The Swiss made regular sport of killing off their prisoners. Some, who had taken refuge in chimneys and ovens at the hamlet of Faoug, were smoked out. Others had climbed into the great walnut-trees that lined the road to Avenches; the crossbowmen stood round in a ring, and picked them off, calling them crows for fun. But by far the greater number were driven into the lake, drowned or shot from the shore like ducks, with many jests about their being thirsty or learning to swim.

When Bonaparte passed through Morat in 1797, he is reported to have said, "If ever

we give battle hereabouts, be sure we shall not take the lake for our line of retreat."

Nine years after the battle, Bern and Fribourg had the bones of the fallen gathered into a small building, with a chapel attached. At the time of the invasion of Switzerland by French Revolutionists, some Burgundian troops destroyed this ossuary; and the bones remained exposed for many years, so that travellers used to carry them off as mementos. Finally, in 1822, the small obelisk was erected which now covers the site. In the local museum some trophies of the battle are kept, and in various parts of Switzerland travellers are shown objects said to have been captured from Charles, the Bold. It is difficult at this late date to identify them.

The subsequent history of the Swiss Confederation bore the impress of these tremendous victories only too plainly. The people lusted for war, no longer in self-defence, but as a means of gaining booty; and though the nation soon after reached the very pinnacle of its military prowess, at heart it was beginning to feel the corrupting influence of unworthy motives.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NEUCHÂTEL.

**A**PPROACH it as you will, Neuchâtel is sure to charm at once with its tranquil beauty. Whether you come through the Val de Travers, or from Bienne, or across the lake from Morat, the sight of the little town amid its vineyards, with that panoramic sweep of the Alps before it, never fails to produce an impression of joyful surprise.

Neuchâtel climbs the hillside of Chaumont from a line of quays and shade-trees upon the water-front, up through irregular terraces and snug gardens, to the edge of the blue-black forest that tops the Jura range. Around the castle hill, as a nucleus, lies the old town, with houses closely clustered, and steep little streets running up the incline. But in the modern part there is a broad, winding road leading to the station,

and pretty villas are sown broadcast among the vineyards on the outskirts.

As for the outlook over lake and mountain, it is unsurpassed, in its way, even in Switzerland.

In fine weather, the water lies pale and placid, of a sky-blue monotone, less intense than the azure of Lake Lemán. On doubtful days, however, the lake, chameleon-like, changes color every hour.

The opposite shore reveals many handsome aspects in flat lines. Beyond it rise first the fore-hills of the Alps, and then the great peaks themselves, from Pilatus to Mont Blanc,—an immutable phalanx, impalpable and misty, suggesting reveries and inspiring poetry.

Dumas the Elder once said of Neuchâtel, that it had “the appearance of an immense plaything carved in butter.” In fact, a singular effect is produced by the use, in the construction of almost all the houses, of a certain yellow stone, called *neocomian*;\* and yet there is no painful glare, as often in Geneva, where a white, chalky stone is

\* From Greek νέος (new) and κώμη (town), — that is, Neuchâtel.

used extensively, but, on the contrary, Neuchâtel is full of an agreeable yellow light, harmonizing with the blue of the lake.

At present, the town can boast of only one mediæval spot; for the walls and gates which once surrounded the town have yielded to the expanding force of progress and prosperity. This witness of the past is the hill upon which stand the castle, church, and cloisters. At its foot may still be seen an ancient tower, the Tour de Diesse, now somewhat ruthlessly modernized by the addition of a four-faced clock. Two old fountains near by are ornamented, one with a banneret-bearer, and the other with some mysterious heraldic animal. But on top of the hill there is a group of remarkable buildings, not large or imposing, but singularly attractive, built of the characteristic local stone, and belonging architecturally to the Burgundian period. They are symbolical of Neuchâtel itself, admirable for their miniature grace and orderliness.

First, the Church of the Collégiale, or the Temple du Haut, with choir and lateral

door in pure Romanesque, two comical little spires, and a marvellous Gothic monument to the Counts of Neuchâtel. This last is one of the most interesting remains of its kind in Europe, containing no less than fifteen life-size statues of various members of the family. At the time of the Reformation, it was almost destroyed, and, as now seen, is the result of careful restoration. On the wall opposite the monument is carved the following significant inscription: *L'an 1530, le 23 d'octobre, fut ostée et abattue l'idolatrie de céans par les bourgeois.* But though, at the time of the Reformation, the church was swept clean of almost all ornaments, nothing can obliterate its pleasing proportions and graceful lines.

On the terrace, in front of the church, stands a statue of Farel. He is clad in a flowing preacher's gown, and holds a Bible with both hands high above his head, while his fierce, fanatical face, with straggling beard, lowers from under his *beret*. A strange product of the Reformation, this Farel! Born in the south of France, a student in Paris, and a wandering preacher

in Switzerland, he died in Neuchâtel, after suffering repeated persecutions and imprisonments. Philippe Godet speaks of him as "a soul of fire and faith."\* His contemporaries describe him as a man of small stature, with unkempt red beard, burning eyes, a tremendous voice, and a natural eloquence which was simply irresistible.

In strange contrast to the scenes of religious violence, evoked by the name of Farel, is the old-time peace which reigns undisturbed in the restored cloisters adjoining the church. The sun pours down upon the little grass-plots laid out within the enclosure, and casts furtive glances into the seclusion of the cloisters. Ivy trails along the ground, and climbs decorously up the sides.

For a view, commend me to the battlemented terrace, where children play, while their mothers knit and gossip. The life of the rustic city lies at your feet. A steamboat stops at the pier with much churning of the water. Some boys are hurrying to the bathing-houses. A carter cracks his

\* *Histoire Littéraire de la Suisse Française*. Neuchâtel. 1890. p. 54.

whip in the narrow street. There is a breeze fresh from across the water, where a long, flat cloud lies basking on the mountain-side like an alligator. Formerly, the ancient counts used to hold court on this terrace, and the citizens swore fealty to the reigning house. In truth, the complete independence of Neuchâtel from foreign rule is quite a modern thing; for this Canton is the Benjamin of the Swiss Confederation, the youngest-born among the brethren.

Without going back to the time of the lake-dwellers and the Celtic Sequani, it will suffice to point out that a strong tower, with small surrounding settlement, stood on the site of the town in early mediæval times. It went by the name of Novum Castrum, or in French, Neuchâtel. From 1034 to 1707, a number of different families succeeded each other as Counts of Neuchâtel. Then the town and adjoining country district came into possession of the crown of Prussia. In 1806, after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon awarded Neuchâtel to his Marshal, Berthier; but in 1814, it once more became a Prussian province, and in the

following year, strange to say, joined the Swiss Confederation, while still remaining in nominal subjection to a distant ruler. This anomalous position led to internal insurrections and grave international complications. It was not until 1857 that Neuchâtel's complete emancipation from Prussia was definitely sanctioned by the Treaty of Paris.

The castle is a composite building of several epochs. An old wing of exceedingly interesting construction, in Byzantine Romanesque, has a façade ornamented with a species of loggia. There is a great deal of archaic carving in unlikely places. This may have been the *regalissima sedes*, or most royal residence, of the kings of Transjurane Burgundy, mentioned in a document of 1011. It has lately been restored, with scrupulous exactness, wherever the stone had begun to crumble. The main body of the castle is in the usual feudal style, and there is a brand-new addition containing the assembly hall for the Grand Council of the Canton. As this group of buildings is the seat of the cantonal government, various offices face upon

the castle court, their modern signs contrasting curiously with the latter's mediæval aspect.

Down in the town proper, the market-place is worth a visit, both on account of the quaint building known as the *Halles*, which stands on one side of the open space, and also in order to see the typical Neuchâtelois. On market days there are stalls covered with snow-white awnings; wicker baskets, full of vegetables, line the square, or are piled up empty in the corners, ready to return to the country. The peasants are mostly in homespun and blue blouses; the women wear big straw hats. Maidservants, in the neatest of print dresses, carry home their morning's marketing. A sober, subdued sort of bargaining goes on, befitting the character of the people.

On the quays everything is modern, for, in fact, this quarter of the town was created not long since in a somewhat unusual manner. A hill near the station was found to impede the growth of the city. It was promptly attacked with pick and shovel,

and the refuse dumped bit by bit along the lake-front,—an exhibition of remarkable municipal enterprise. One is astonished at the number of large buildings, standing in an almost unbroken row, devoted to educational purposes,—veritable palaces, upon which the worthy Neuchâtelois have lavished great sums unstintingly. Indeed, teaching seems to be the principal local industry, instruction the staple product of the town.

For, besides the usual primary and secondary schools, there is a Latin *collège*, an academy with four faculties,—letters, science, law, and theology,—a commercial school, a school of watchmaking, as well as laboratories, and manual and industrial training-schools. For girls, there are high and normal schools. Near by, at Cernier, the Canton maintains an agricultural college, and at Auvernier, one for the cultivation of the vine. As for boarding-schools, especially *pensionnats* for girls, they abound on every hand, and are widely known for the thorough and practical instruction they afford. Nor must one forget to mention a peculiar custom which still flourishes to

a certain extent, and exerts an educational influence. Families from French and German Switzerland often exchange sons and daughters for a few years, in order to have their children learn the languages. No simpler and cheaper method of instruction could be devised. It is worthy of the practical common-sense of the Swiss people.

Perhaps the most astonishing evidence of the vigorous intellectual and artistic life of Neuchâtel is furnished by the Museum of Fine Arts, which adorns the new quay. It is certainly worth careful examination, with its souvenirs of the Prussian dominion, now so strangely incongruous in a Swiss canton, its array of ancient flags and furniture, of armor, costumes, household implements, and porcelain stoves. Especially valuable are the specimens of old watchmaking, the coins, and portraits of famous men of Neuchâtel, such as Agassiz, Desor, and De Pourtalès. Of course, the inevitable collection of lake-dwelling remains, which figures in every Swiss museum, is there also. The picture gallery, on the second floor, has some

really fine work to show,—notably the mountain effects of Calame and A. H. Berthoud, the charming bits around Neuchâtel by Dubois, Bachelin's military subjects, and at least one work of that admirable Swiss artist, Anker. There are, of course, some pretentious pieces in pseudo-classic style, which make quite a show on the catalogue, and may impose on rustic visitors. Fortunately, however, modern art has outgrown that posing, far-fetched phase which set at naught truth and actuality.

As it is somewhat difficult to find anything in Neuchâtel of which one can speak disparagingly, the ugliness of the Hôtel de Ville is almost welcome. Surely that heavy, inartistic façade was a momentary aberration of the worthy townsmen's taste. At all events, its appearance discourages a closer acquaintance with the interior of the structure.

In regard to business enterprises, the inhabitants have always sought to keep manufactures out of the town proper. A certain amount of watchmaking has descended from the valleys of the Jura.

There are also plants for the making of electric apparatus and cables. Wine, absinthe, and Swiss champagne are prepared to some extent; but in general the great industries are scattered about in various parts of the Canton. Watch-making flourishes principally at La Chaux-de-Fonds\* and Le Locle, large villages situated in rugged Alpine valleys of the Jura. The wealth of the Val de Travers consists in absinthe and asphalt, the former being exported in tremendous quantities to France and her colonies, the latter worked by an English company. Comparatively little ordinary farming is done. On the other hand, vine-growing is carried to a degree of perfection and precision truly remarkable. Cortaillod furnishes a wine highly prized in Switzerland. The celebrated Suchard chocolate is manufactured just outside of Neuchâtel, in the Gorge de Serrières, visible from the train on the road to Lausanne.

\* La Chaux-de-Fonds has more than twenty-two thousand inhabitants, and is known as the most populous village in Europe.

But what of the people themselves, of the Neuchâtelais? Of course there are types differing from each other, even in this little Canton. The *vigneron*, a crude, hard-fisted peasant, bending over his vines from sunrise to sunset, sobered by the monotony and regularity of his tasks, and the descendant of the native aristocracy, cradled in the memories of the Prussian régime, have at first sight little in common. But there are, in truth, local traits. Rousseau, writing in 1763 to the Marshal of Luxembourg, painted a very unflattering portrait of the Neuchâtelais. "Much wit and still more pretension," he writes, "but without taste: that is what impressed me at first among the Neuchâtelais. They talk well, and with ease, but they write monotonously and badly, especially when they want to write lightly; and that they always want to do. . . . They think themselves polite, because they are full of mannerisms, and gay, because they are turbulent. . . . The sex is not beautiful there. . . . The religion upon which they pride themselves serves rather to make them fault-finding than good."

There may have been some justification for Rousseau's complaints in 1763, for it must be remembered that art and letters were only beginning to be appreciated at Neuchâtel in those days. In fact, his presence had aroused an interest in such matters, and the first results, obtained by the citizens, were doubtless somewhat crude and pretentious. The prevailing Puritanism was more uncompromising in his day; it was, moreover, outraged by his sayings, and probably affected greater primness, than was natural, in his presence. Nor was Rousseau himself in a fit frame of mind to render an unbiased judgment, for he was embittered by a series of more or less imaginary persecutions. At all events, Rousseau's portrait is no longer a true one.

Let me confess at once to an undisguised admiration for those fresh young girls of whom Neuchatel somehow seems to have a disproportionately large supply. Are there such complexions to be found elsewhere in Switzerland? Perhaps in Lausanne, but rarely in Geneva. Such joyous pinks upon a white which is slightly sun-

burnt, giving an effect of urban refinement and rustic health all in one. In truth, there is a distinct local complexion. Let it be prized as it deserves.

On pleasant summer evenings, the quays become the great resort of young and old, taking the air. They are the rendezvous of the students of the Academy, who stalk about, wearing colored caps, and brandishing canes of impossible shapes. Although absurdly self-conscious, and displaying an infinite variety of provoking swaggers, they are, for all that, good fellows, and make steady citizens. Young girls, in twos and threes, walk about chatting with a freedom which is almost American. Old ladies and gentlemen, seated on the benches, are solemnly reminiscent, talking in that charming French of which Neuchâtel is justly proud. A cool air comes from the lake, where some youngsters in boats are taking a spin before dark.

As a somewhat disquieting fact for the older residents, may be noted the steady influx of German Swiss into the Canton. Their grating guttural, doubly unpleasant in a French environment, is heard more

often every year upon the streets; they already fill almost all the lower grades of labor. At the present time, it is calculated that there are actually more German than French speaking Swiss in the Canton. "We are in the midst of an invasion," M. Godet said to me. Not that this movement is of recent origin, for the fertility of the Canton and its business enterprises have always to a certain extent acted as magnets for the German-speaking neighbors. At the same time, the children of these immigrants rapidly acquire French, and become good citizens. It is only natural, however, that a certain latent race-antipathy should be aroused during the process of absorption.

Alike in the *vignoble* and the *montagne*, the Neuchâtelois are by temperament solid, sober people, still to a great extent imbued with the hard piousness of Protestantism; practical in affairs, like the Swiss in general, not speculative or adventurous: distinctly provincial, in the best sense of the word. They possess a modern school of literature quite apart, — a school marked by an ingrained love of that smaller *patrie*,

which may be a native vineclad slope or a Jura valley. It is a literature dealing in minute details, painstaking, and depicting laboriously local manners and scenery.

Taken all in all, Neuchâtel, the town, impresses one as somewhat of a rustic Athens, the centre of a cultured Arcadia. Its Museum of Fine Arts, standing almost among the vineyards, is typical of this unique combination of the cultivation of the mind with manual toil. Is it not an idyl, that modest little town with its vast panorama, performing its simple tasks in the face of a truly noble intellectual horizon? Is it not surprisingly complete in everything which advanced civilization really needs? Surely, in such an atmosphere, labor must cease to be drudgery, and local pride must become a prime virtue. May the mania for centralization never disturb these ideal conditions!

#### SWISS-AMERICAN SCIENTISTS.

Little Neuchâtel once placed America under great obligation by lending it two very exceptional men of science,—

Louis Jean Rodolphe Agassiz (1807-1873) and Arnold Henri Guyot (1807-1884). They were colleagues in the Academy at Neuchâtel, co-operated in exploring and studying the glaciers, went to America at about the same time, and eventually took professorships in two of the foremost universities of the United States, — Agassiz at Harvard University, and Guyot at Princeton. By quickening and ennobling scientific studies, they earned the imperishable gratitude of their adopted land.

The great originator of the "Glacial Theory" was born at Motiers-en-Vully, on the lake of Morat. His father was pastor of the place. At an early age, he showed his bent for original research in natural history by turning the stone basin, under the fountain of the parsonage, into an aquarium. His student days were spent at Bienne, Lausanne, Zürich, Heidelberg, and Munich. At this last place, he became a warm friend of Ignaz Döllinger, Professor of Comparative Anatomy, who was the father of that famous Döllinger who acquired celebrity as an opponent of Papal Infallibility. Agassiz used to assemble

enthusiastic fellow-students for lectures on original work, so that his study was nicknamed "The Little Academy."

In Paris, the young scientist made the acquaintance of Von Humboldt, who from that time on was able to render him many services. Agassiz first made his mark as an ichthyologist. At twenty-two, he brought out his "Brazilian Fishes;" in 1832, was made Professor at the Lyceum of Neuchâtel, where he aroused the keenest interest, teaching his pupils as much as possible out-of-doors, and in 1837, read his famous treatise before the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences, assembled at Neuchâtel, in which he expounded for the first time his now very generally accepted glacial theory. Venetz and Charpentier had to some extent paved the way for this announcement; nevertheless, it met with a good deal of opposition. Agassiz determined to place his theory upon indisputable ground by collecting all the necessary facts himself. This was the origin of periodic excursions to the glaciers at Chamonix, Zermatt, and especially to the Aar Gletscher, near the Grimsel Pass. Agassiz was accompanied

by Karl Vogt, F. de Pourtalès, and Edouard Desor, while Guyot, Forbes, and others made temporary visits. Desor constituted himself chronicler of their excursions. He has told the story of their hardships and adventures in two books, now somewhat rare, — “Excursions et Séjours dans les Glaciers et les Hautes Régions des Alpes” and “Nouvelles Excursions.”

Taking the Grimsel Hospice as a base of supplies, this band of climbing scientists built a hut on the great moraine of the Aar Gletscher, under the shelter of an enormous block of stone. Their temporary home soon became known as the “Hôtel des Neuchâtelois.” Thence they could explore the surrounding regions of ice and snow at their leisure. The task of measuring the march of the glaciers, and of taking all manner of observations, was divided among them, so that an enormous amount of work was accomplished. The result was Agassiz's “Etudes sur les Glaciers.”

These glacial investigations lasted some eight or nine years, until 1845. Then Agassiz sailed for the United States, and

finally made his home permanently at Cambridge, Mass. As early as 1835, he had corresponded with Professor Silliman of Yale College, and in fact had long desired to visit and explore the New World.

His career in America was exceedingly brilliant, and his name stands for everything that is worthiest in the scientific development of that country. From first to last, however, he resolutely rejected the theory of evolution, and clung to the old-fashioned idea of independent creations. When Agassiz died, a block was selected from the many lying on the moraine of the Aar Gletscher to place upon his tomb. It was so monumental in form that not a touch of the hammer was needed to fit it for its purpose.

Arnold Guyot was not the author of any startling, comprehensive theory, nor did his reputation ever attain the splendor of Agassiz's. He was rather an adapter, a generalizer and popularizer of ideas. His name is especially identified with the work of reconciling science with religion,—of

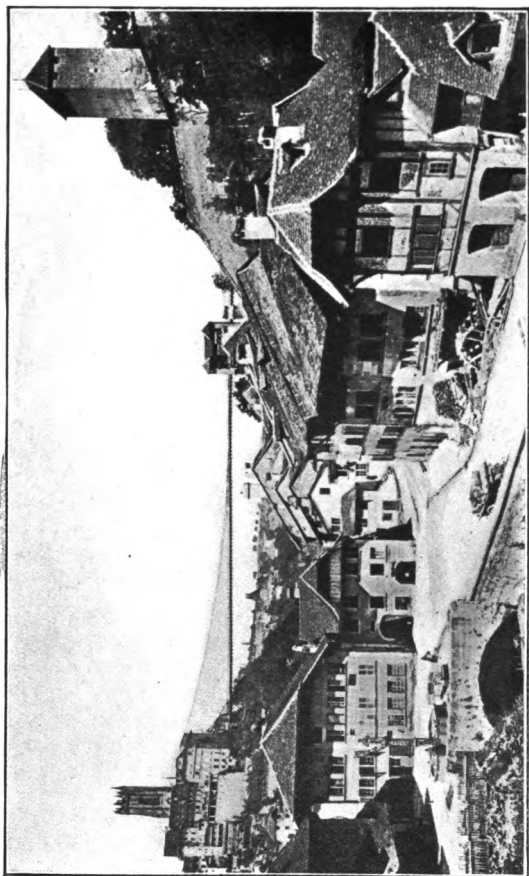
establishing friendly relations between the discoveries of modern science and the Bible. This is the task he set himself in his work on "The Earth and Man." As a text-book, his "Physical Geography" is widely known and highly prized. The original work that he did in the observation of glaciers went into the "Système Glaciaire," in which he collaborated with Agassiz and Desor; so that, on the whole, he is likely to be best known to future generations as a geographer, who was able to treat his subject at once accurately and in a popular manner.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FRIBOURG AND ROMONT.

**A**LMOST everybody passes the "City of Bridges" in making the regular Swiss tour, but few people take time to stop over for a nearer view. And yet what one sees from the train is very tantalizing indeed. There never was such a fantastically built place as Fribourg. It gives one the impression of being a deliberate caprice, a fairy-tale freak. Dumas was much amused by it. "Altogether, Fribourg looks like the result of a wager," he wrote, "made by some whimsical architect after a copious dinner. It is the most hump-backed city that I know of." Since his day, fortunately, suspension bridges have been laid across the chasm made by the river. Indeed, it is hard to understand how the inhabitants ever had the patience to live there before those modern improvements.

Fribourg undoubtedly bears a strong resemblance to Bern. The Sarine curls around the foot of a rocky promontory much in the same way as the Aar does. There is the same grouping of houses above the steep slopes, topped by spires, and on the outskirts, the same occasional stretches of city wall, flanked by towers. Near the station itself stands that unique Tour de Henry, — a superb specimen of fourteenth-century fortification architecture. It presents a concave surface towards the outside, but is open on its city side, so that, even if the enemy succeeded in capturing it, they would be unprotected and, therefore, more easily dislodged. Another point of resemblance is that both cities were founded as strongholds by the Dukes of Zaeringen, to help maintain their mastery over rival Burgundian nobles, — only Fribourg has the advantage of Bern by a few years. It was a Berchtold IV. who, in 1176 or 1178, enlarged a small settlement upon the banks of the Sarine into the stately city that we see to-day. Bern was not founded till 1191. This blood relationship, however, did not prevent the sister



**FRIBOURG.**



cities from waging continual war upon each other. There was never any love lost between them, until Bern, in the end, grew so powerful as to be able to disregard her former rival.

The hotels are certainly second-rate; and if anybody *does* stop over at Fribourg, it is usually in order to hear the organ in the Church of St. Nicholas, justly famed for its extraordinary capabilities. A concert is given twice a day, when a sufficient number of people present themselves to make up the sum of twenty francs. Of an evening the effect is overpowering. The church is dim and holy with a half-light; a smell of spent incense hovers about; and the images and tablets, with their gilded tinsel, seem almost like good art. A moment is given you to compose your mind, before the first notes of the organ steal through the recesses of the rafters, down the Gothic arches, to the aisles and the audience. Those to whom music means much, must hear this organ to appreciate the various effects it can be made to produce: the ringing peals of praise that fall, refined and rarefied, from the vaulted ceiling,

the golden, angelic arpeggios that are whispered through the carved stalls, or the plaintive tones of prayer that penetrate to the very altars of the side chapels. The organist usually gives the tourists a representation of a storm, to show off the instrument, bringing out all the accessories of crashing thunder and pattering rain. This is certainly the most popular piece on the programme. As for the rest, the very best music is selected for these concerts.

In front of the Hôtel de Ville stands a wonderful old lime-tree, supported by stone pillars. The tradition is that it was planted there after the victory of Morat, in 1476, from a twig which the messenger who brought the good news bore in his hat. He fell dead on the spot, overcome by his efforts, and his fellow-citizens honored his memory in this beautiful manner.

Fribourg has produced few celebrities, as it has also played a very small part in the world's history. But there are two personages who deserve to be mentioned, for their fame has crossed the frontiers of

Switzerland, — Père Grégoire Girard, the educator, and the Duchesse Adèle Colonna of Castiglione-Aldebrandini, the sculptor, better known as "Marcello."

Grégoire Girard, in truth, represents the best glory of Fribourg. In French Switzerland he stood for that radical reform in education, which his contemporaries, Pestalozzi and Fellenberg, were demonstrating on independent lines in German Switzerland. He belongs to that noble group of pioneer schoolmasters who have founded the modern system of pedagogy upon natural principles, discarding the artificial traditions of mediævalism. Indeed, his boyhood was in itself a perfect preparation for his life-work.

He was born in 1765, the seventh child in a family of fifteen. In helping his mother to bring up the eight brothers and sisters who followed him, he unconsciously laid the foundation for his educational system. After studying at Luzern and Würzburg, he joined the order of the Franciscans, worked among the poor of Bern, and was finally called, with his order, to his native city to re-organize the primary

schools. He soon made them famous by his original and successful methods. Pestalozzi apparently thought that mathematics were best suited to develop the faculties of children; Girard taught his scholars by the study of their native language. Visitors came from all parts of Europe to examine his system, and his text-books were in great demand. But Girard was a liberal Catholic, who read Kant, and co-operated with Protestants in the good cause. Moreover, he was a Franciscan; and so when the Ultramontane Jesuits got control of Fribourg, they drove him out, and reduced his school to its former mediocrity. In 1834, however, Girard was allowed to return, thenceforth to exercise, undisturbed, his influence upon the primary schools. He also wrote a whole series of text-books, and died in 1850, universally beloved and regretted. His fellow-citizens have erected a statue to him near the Hôtel de Ville.

"Marcello" was quite another type. Her grandfather was Count Charles Affry, who commanded a regiment of the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI., and died fighting in the famous massacre at the Tuileries. She

was married at Rome, in 1856, to the Duke Colonna, but became a widow at the end of the same year. Then she left for Paris, where her beauty and talent made her a central social figure in the throng that rendered Paris brilliant during the last years of the Second Empire. But she withdrew more and more to the seclusion of her studio. One year, Paris had been surprised to see a wonderful "Gorgon's Head" at the Salon, signed "Marcello;" and from that time on the works of the artist were hailed as great creations. Wrapped up in her work, she finally returned to Italy, and died "literally of art," as Meissonier is reported to have said. She was only forty-two; but she left a noble legacy to Fribourg in the "Marcello Museum," which is now contained in two rooms on the ground-floor of the Cantonal Museum. On the whole, this collection is a better monument to her than any statue could be.

The modern life of Fribourg is singularly uninteresting. As the headquarters of Catholicism in French Switzerland, it makes a merit of resisting all innovations.

The Canton of Fribourg is the only one in Switzerland which has not adopted the *Referendum*, in some form or other. But to mock this conservatism, the peculiarity of the city's position forced it, in 1834, to supply itself with one of the first great suspension bridges of modern times.

Not only is Fribourg a city of bridges and a centre of bigotry, but it is also bi-lingual. Situated on the boundary line between French and German speaking races, it has for centuries formed the battleground of their respective languages. At present, French seems to be supplanting German, which is now spoken only in the lower quarters. In many parts of Switzerland, the reverse is often the case.

When all is said and done, Fribourg remains essentially an artist's paradise, rendered all the more attractive by its very lack of progress. There is one corner, in particular, which could not be more mediæval if it tried. It has a fountain, with a carved column surmounted by a knight in armor; a piece of the town wall shows at the back, with a gallery running along the top; and a little chapel is perched sugges-

tively at the side. I leave the reader to discover this spot for himself. Perhaps he will run across something even better in his search.

## ROMONT.

Of the many hill towns in which Romance Switzerland rejoices, Romont is certainly one of the fairest. It looks as though it had escaped from an etching of Albrecht Dürer. A monster mound, smooth and green, rises from the plain; on top a conglomeration of houses are bound round by a wall; at either end rises a tall, round tower with peaked roof, and smaller ones dotted along the outskirts. There is an inclined road leading up from the station; a border of poplars scatter their silver sparkle by the wayside; and larks sow their songs broadcast over the fields in broken pulsations. Over all, an air of provincial prosperity reigns undisputed, at once old-fashioned, and yet quite in keeping with our day.

One must see Romont, if possible, on an autumn market-day, when the vintage has begun in the Vaudois vineyards, and the

cattle are already down from their summer pastures on the neighboring Gruyère mountains. Then it is that cows of that fine parti-colored Swiss breed march through the streets, swinging their bells; great cheeses like grindstones are on sale in the stalls; and baskets overflow with the first grapes of the year, — yellow, gold, purple, or even magenta where the sun strikes upon them. The bargains that are made mean much to the people; a transaction in cheeses may determine their manner of life for the whole winter. No wonder the men look so glum and grave, and the women show so much vim and volubility. At the same time, these market-days are also like rural receptions, where friends and enemies meet after the dispersion of the summer. There are loud greetings between Suzanne and Marie; while Louis and Henri go off to drink the new wine before it gets sour, and to clinch a bargain while they are in good humor.

The Counts of Romont were vassals of Savoy. Their old castle is now used by the local authorities for police and other purposes, but you can still enter the castle court by a fine old gate. The holes for the

drawbridge chains are shown. In fact, every provision seems to have been made for a siege. There is a well with an enormous wheel and bucket; and they say that underground passages run from the two watch-towers, at the ends of the town, to the church, where the garrison could consider themselves inviolate.

The church and castle are not what they used to be, and the market-days only come at intervals; but the views from the ramparts endure forever.

As is only right and proper, these useless fortifications have been turned into lovers' walks; and if some young fellow should have any hesitation about proposing marriage, surely a stroll there by moonlight must put him in the proper mood, and give him courage. You look over the rolling foothills to the mountains of Gruyère, and beyond to the snow giants, the Dent du Midi and others of the great fraternity, that seem from their torn and gashed appearance actually to bite into the sky. One may spend many a delightful musing moment upon these ramparts at Romont, studying the lay of the land, and even

conjuring up scraps of history from the surrounding plains and hillsides.

But to discover the fairest jewel of this region, you must pass through Bulle into the valley of Gruyère. Over there, a land and castle unmatched in Switzerland beckon, and await your admiration.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LAND AND CASTLE OF GRUYÈRE.

**T**O enter the verdant valley of Gruyère, after leaving the railroad at Bulle, is like turning from the pages of a modern newspaper to read a pastoral of Theocritus.

The name Gruyère is applied to a mountainous district, lying principally in the Canton of Fribourg, and traversed by the stream of the Sarine, from the glacier of the Sanetsch to Mount Moléson. A race of herdsmen live there, who have a history all their own, and speak a Romance language of great antiquity. If, at the present time, this land of rich pastures is known the world over only for the excellent cheese which it produces, in the past it was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the Counts of Gruyères\* there maintained a sort of minia-

\* The name of the family and town is spelled with a final "s."

ture feudal court. In other words, Gruyère tells an ancient tale of chivalry and a modern one of cheese.

For the better part of five centuries, the counts ruled over their subjects in a manner which was at once patriarchal and pastoral. Indeed, so full are local traditions of their mutual gayeties, that the student is tempted to think of ancient Gruyère as a veritable Dresden-china state. It seems as though the swains from the mountains must have been forever dancing with their shepherdesses, short-skirted and with streaming ribbons, while in their midst the ruling count, himself the most assiduous gallant of them all, led the country dances. Of course, in such a community, where mirth was the main business of life, the peasants would only reluctantly drive their cattle afield between whiles for a living. And of course all this is romantic rubbish, which will not stand the test of real inquiry.

It was an autumn day of more than ordinary beauty, when I emerged from the prosaic little town of Bulle, to follow the highway which leads up the valley. A few

steps, and then the castle of Gruyères, with the cluster of houses which bear that name, hove in sight, perched crown-like upon a hill in the middle distance. The white of these buildings was admirably sketched against the varying greens of the farther mountains. An atmosphere of softening haze played upon their outlines, and lent the whole group the aspect of some old-time painting, so foreign to our modern world was it, and so perfect a bit of unconscious art.

I climbed to the town by the same ancient path which the counts used in their day, and passed through a rude gate into the single street which the town possesses. A group of peasants stood near the pump. I turned a corner, where a crude, ghastly crucifix stared me in the face, and was soon admitted into the castle court.

The castle of Gruyères is perhaps the most carefully restored specimen of feudal architecture which Switzerland possesses, and is hardly surpassed by Chillon itself for the beauty of its situation. In 1848, the castle, having ceased to be of use to the cantonal authorities, was offered for

sale, in a state of complete dilapidation, and purchased by a Genevese gentleman, M. François Bovy. The brother of the owner, M. Daniel Bovy, an artist who had studied under Ingres in Paris, devoted many years of his life and his entire fortune to the preservation and restoration of the property. In 1862, the castle passed into the hands of M. Balland, a wealthy manufacturer of watches in Geneva, and himself an enthusiastic connoisseur. The latter continued the work so conscientiously begun by his predecessor, until to-day he has succeeded in transforming his summer home into a real repository of local, mediæval art.

In the castle court, the breath of feudalism fills the air; and when you mount the broad, winding stairs under massive arches, and suddenly find yourself standing in a Hall of Knights, the illusion is perfect. On the walls of this room, Daniel Bovy painted twelve frescos, representing various scenes in the history of Gruyère, some purely legendary, and others strictly historical. The whole forms a veritable illustrated text-book. Although the touch of positive

genius is not present, still the work is in every way admirable, — especially in an age like ours, which has allowed mural painting to fall into undeserved disuse. The walls of this hall are of an extraordinary thickness, and give the windows correspondingly deep embrasures, from which delightful glimpses may be caught of the narrowing valley and its higher mountains.

They will next show you the so-called Chamber of the Count, with its Gothic bed and ancient tapestries, the Chamber of the Countess, and also that of the fair Luce des Albergeux, mistress of Count John II., known far and wide for her great beauty. The pieces of furniture in these rooms, and in others throughout the castle, are either genuine pieces of mediæval work, found in the castle and collected in the immediate vicinity, or else they are clever imitations made by a local cabinet-maker, whose workmanship as nearly as possible resembles that of his predecessors at Gruyères. It appears that M. Balland, with praiseworthy conscientiousness, has preferred to enlist the services of local workmen in his restorations, in order to preserve the essen-

tially rustic character of his castle, even if the result be less polished, and at times a little crude. He has fitted up the former torture-chamber of the tower into an interesting little armory, where some trophies, won by the counts, hang, side by side with ancient weapons found in the neighborhood. On the ground-floor there is a kitchen, with a fireplace of colossal proportions, in which the traditional whole ox was roasted on festive occasions.

It is, perhaps, remarkable that this castle of Gruyères, representing, as it does, the ideal of a purely Alpine feudal dwelling, and set apart to contain as complete as possible a collection of local mediæval art, should at the same time possess anything so modern as a superb set of panels by French masters of our time. M. Daniel Bovy, it appears, was in the habit of inviting artist friends of his student-days in Paris to visit him in his feudal retreat. Many of them contributed towards the work of beautifying the castle by painting the panels of the little drawing-room. There it is that Corot has left three oval pieces, — two simple groups of trees in his

unmistakable style, and a little imaginary view of Gruyères, which to-day are almost as valuable as the castle itself. Other panels are by such men as Baron, Français, Leleux, Menn, and Salzmänn; and the whole forms a picture gallery which it would be difficult to equal elsewhere, and perhaps impossible to duplicate.

Taken all in all, the record of the family of Gruyères is exceptionally picturesque, and not particularly discreditable, as feudal families go. Their race was full of knightly virtues and follies: warlike, but generous to the Church, perpetually involved in adventures which were considered amusing in their age, but would now, of course, bring them into divorce courts. The counts were, after all, beloved by the simple peasants through all their escapades. Certainly they dwelt among their subjects in a manner which was almost democratic.

The first documentary mention of the country dates from 923, when a certain Count Turimbert, of the county of Ogo, is recorded in a deed of transfer. At that time, the land of Gruyère formed part of

the kingdom of Upper Burgundy. Ogo seems to be a Romance corruption of the German Hochgau, and has survived in a slightly modified form in the name of Châteaux d'Oex. Gruyère is not derived from the word *grue*, a crane, as mediæval legend-makers were wont to assert, but from the title of *Gruyer*, meaning one who has a right to the use of forests.

On more than one occasion, the warlike counts stepped forth from their mountain castle to take part in the world's history. Several of them went off to the Crusades. A Knight John of Gruyères, brother to the ruling count of his day, served under Edward III. of England and the Black Prince in the French Wars. Then there was Count Louis, who distinguished himself at the battle of Morat, fighting as an ally of the Swiss Confederates against Charles, the Bold, of Burgundy.

But the home life of these Alpine knights possesses a charm which is quite distinct from their military achievements. For if they were warlike while abroad, in Gruyère itself they settled down again into jovial domestic ways, and devoted them-

selves to the difficult task of keeping their estates intact from the encroachments of their powerful neighbors, the free cities of Bern and Fribourg.

It was Count Peter V. who kept a court fool, Girard Chalamala by name, a local character whose exploits form the subject of many traditions. A house of peculiar appearance stands on the village street, near the entrance to the castle. The façade is decorated with grotesque figures, and a gargoyle of more than usual hideousness projects from the roof. This dwelling is known as the house of Chalamala. M. Victor Tissot, the author of that charming work, "Unknown Switzerland," in which one of the best chapters is devoted to Gruyère, bought the place in order to preserve it intact as an historical curiosity.

Chalamala, it is said, instituted a Court of Folly. All the gossip and scandal of the castle were completely ventilated at its sittings, and judgment was passed upon the delinquents who were so unfortunate as to be found out in their intrigues. All the details of carnival, of the sieges of the

Castle of Love, and all the mad freaks and practical jokes in which Chalamala delighted, were arranged by the Court of Folly. The count was allowed to attend, but without his spurs, because on one occasion he had kicked the impertinent fool for some more than ordinarily personal pleasantry. When the wine came on the table, Chalamala was wont to make his appearance also. He would entertain the guests with his sallies, and with improvised verses on the exploits of bygone Counts of Gruyères. Even in his last will and testament, this incorrigible jester could not refrain from perpetrating a joke, for, with delightful irony, he left the count his mask, his bonnet, his staff, and — his debts. A copy of this will hangs framed in one of the halls of the castle.

Not to dwell too long on the history of the family of Gruyères, let us turn briefly to the final catastrophe, which drove Michael, the last of the counts, from the home of his ancestors. He passed for one of the handsomest knights of his day. An ancient couplet in the local patois describes him thus: —

"Vé la, Michel, li preux, li beaux :  
Fleur de tous auters damoiseaux."

After a youth spent at the court of Francis I., of France, in the capacity of a page, he entered upon a career of adventure and folly, which finally made him bankrupt. It has been estimated that the sum of his own debts, and of those which he had inherited, represented a total of no less than 1,500,000 francs in modern money. At one time he appealed to his subjects, and certain districts of Gruyère agreed to stand as security for a large sum. But nothing availed to check his ruin, not even his marriage to a wealthy widow of the nobility of Savoy, who devoted her whole fortune to his cause. In 1553, a board of arbitration, appointed to settle the difficulties between himself and his creditors, awarded his estates to Bern and Fribourg, the principal claimants, and then decreed his banishment. His subjects were ordered to transfer their allegiance to their new citizen-masters, which they did after a fashion, with many lamentations over the fall of their ancient counts. Michael died in 1576; and the last piece of news concern-

ing him, which has come down to us, is that a creditor was still pursuing him. It was a lamentable ending, but one typical of many another noble house in Switzerland, where the rising tide of democracy brooked no feudal barriers in its path.

The modern population of Gruyère has discarded the picturesque costume of older days, along with other traces of a past which, however charming it may seem in the retrospect, must have had its own peculiar evil aspects. But in point of popular character, very little change seems to have taken place.

If there is anything of which this pastoral people have never ceased to be fond, even to excess, it is dancing. There used to be a native dance called the *coraule*, which was probably related to a similar one in Provence, both names being evidently derived from the Greek χορός. During the rule of Count Antoine, a *coraule* is said to have started one Sunday evening, on the castle terrace, with seven people, and, winding up the valley, to have gathered participants at every hamlet, until it

finished Tuesday morning with seven hundred, at Saanen. It is this incident which the poet Uhland has celebrated in his short poem entitled "Der Graf von Greyers."

On the day of my visit to Gruyère, a local fête chanced to be in full swing, — one of those numerous, open-air jollifications which the people call *bénichons*. There was a gathering of enthusiastic dancers from all the country-side. Every inn which respected itself had erected a platform, where heavy-footed couples revolved with that deep solemnity which characterizes rustic dancers the world over. A few musicians, purple in the face and with much show of exertion, were extracting well-meant, but somewhat trying, music from their instruments. At the close of every dance, there would be a rush to the inn for a glass of wine. The loud shouts of laughter, which proceeded from within, proclaimed that these modern herdsmen and their sweethearts were as appreciative of a practical joke, as their ancestors, the contemporaries of Chalamala, that prince of fools.

A certain gay raillery, a good-natured satire, also pervades the literature of Gruyère. It is refreshing to meet anything so naïvely artistic as that classic of the country, the Ranz des Vaches, amid the somewhat barren fields of Swiss belles-lettres. It has the local flavor, and savors of the soil which produced it, without being devoid of delicate touches. One does not know what to admire most in this rustic masterpiece, the pure, pastoral quality of the music, so sombre yet spontaneous, the gentle irony of some of the couplets, or the rhythm of the refrains.

The Ranz des Vaches may be translated as the "March of the Cows," and refers to the annual migration of the cattle in spring from the valleys to the summer pastures on the mountains. Many parts of German Switzerland have such *Kuhreihen* of their own, notably Appenzell, but the version current in Gruyère has become more widely known than any other. It is too long to reproduce here entirely, consisting, as it does, of nineteen couplets with two recurring refrains. But the first couplet, in the original patois, and in the French

translation, with the two refrains, will suffice to give an idea of the spirit of the thing:—

1. Lés-j-armailli\* di Colombetté†  
 Dé bon matin she shon lévâ  
 Ah! ha! ah! ha!  
 Liauba! ‡ liauba! porariâ.

1. Les vachers des Colombettes  
 De bon matin se sont levés.  
 Ah! ha! ah! ha!  
 Vaches! vaches! pour(vous)traire.

*First Refrain.*

Venez toutes.  
 Blanches et noires,  
 Rouges et étoilées,  
 Jeunes et autres;  
 Sous un chêne,  
 Où je vous trais;  
 Sous un tremble,  
 Ou je fais cailler (le lait).

*Second Refrain.*

Celles qui portent une sonnaille  
 Vont les premières,  
 Les toutes noires  
 Vont les dernières.

\* Herdsmen, probably derived from Latin *armentarius*.

† Name of pastures at the foot of the Moléson.

‡ An endearing call for cows.

The couplets go on to relate how the herdsmen and their cattle are stopped by a torrent, how they take counsel, and Pierre goes to knock at the door of the curé to ask him to say mass for them. The curé says that they must make him a cheese, if they wish to cross, "but you must not skim the cream from it," he adds, warningly. Pierre suggests that the curé send his maid-servant for the cheese, but the churchman has his doubts. "My maid is too pretty; you might perchance keep her." Pierre keeps up this bantering strain by rejoining that he need not fear, they would have to confess to him, if they did kiss her too much, and with a sly thrust at ecclesiastical failings, finally urges, "for taking of the goods of the Church, we should never be forgiven." With that, the curé yields, bids Pierre Godspeed, and promises to say an Ave Maria. After that, there is no difficulty in crossing, and the herd gives twice as much milk as usual that day.

The melody which accompanies these words is very ancient, and was originally played on a shepherd's pipe or hautbois.

Indeed, its pronouncedly pastoral quality almost demands a wood instrument.

One lingers regretfully upon the castle terrace, when the time for departure has come. The gray Sarine curls plainwards to Bulle, where a massive tower rises above the red roofs; on the right are the jagged Dents de Broc; on the left, the Moléson, which the guide-books like to call the Rigi of Western Switzerland; and from the valley at one's feet, comes, ever and anon, the hap-hazard jingling of cow-bells, mingled with the cry of some attendant *armailli*, or the barking of farm dogs.

As I turned to go, the merry-makers were still dancing to the tune of the village band, down there at the little inn on the corner, where the path diverges which mounts to the castle. It was all very modern, perhaps, and yet the air seemed full of some old-world melody. It was as though the shepherds of the past, up there on the summer pastures, were piping an ancient pastoral to their beloved land Gruyère.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN AND OUT THE VALAIS.

**A** LAND of contrasts, indeed, this Canton Valais! One end dips into the arctics, the other into the tropics. Beginning in a glacier, it closes in a sunny lake. In the lower part, French is spoken, in the upper, German, and in the lateral valleys, a diversity of Romance dialects.

Here, luxurious corners full of gardens, orchards, and vineyards, brilliant with myrtle, fig and almond trees; there, deserts of gravel beds, parched and glaring, or marshy wastes, unwholesome with fevers and stinging gnats. On one side, terraces of wheat and Indian corn; on the other, naked, burning rocks, smitten with a curse. Soft shadows under festooned vines; crude, vivid colors upon mountain pastures and pine forests; turquoise skies

and brazen sunsets; in the valleys, the music of the Angelus; on the slopes, the tinkling from many flocks; in the heights, an unchanging silence. A land alternately scorching and freezing, smiling and scowling, where fine old races live in the side valleys, while the villages of the plain abound in *crétins* and goitrous miseries.

In prehistoric ages a monster glacier dug a trench from the *massif* of the St. Gothard down as far as Lyons. In retreating, it left the river Rhone, the lake of Geneva, some stony trails of moraines, and erratic blocks sprinkled about on the mountain-sides. And now the floor of the trench seems at the bottom of everything. It has become pre-eminently *the valley* of Europe, for two of the loftiest ranges in Europe overshadow it on either hand, the Bernese and Pennine groups. Inundations have played awful havoc with the land in times past, but at length, after twenty years of hard toil, the *Correction du Rhone* is complete. The river and its affluents have been enclosed in dikes and breakwaters, the fear of devastation is dispelled, and the waste places are beginning to revive.

It is very characteristic of Switzerland, — that sudden change from coquettish little Montreux, flaunting its charms upon lake-front and mountain-side, to poor old Ville-neuve, gray and inhospitable, with the swampy plain of the Rhone for a back-ground.

Farther up, Aigle lies among vineyards, which produce the well-known white wine of Yvorne. There is a large château, that once served as residence for the Bernese bailiffs who governed this district, until the Helvetic Revolution sent them home to mind their own business. But Aigle is pre-eminently a starting-place. It is the gate to many a delightful summer resort, — Ormonts-Dessus, Villars, Château d'Oex, etc.

Bex, the next station up the Valais, is at its best in spring and autumn, for the sun shines there unremittingly, ripening the grapes for the grape-cure, of which it is difficult to speak without smiling. There are curious salt-works near by, the salt being derived partly from mines, partly from springs by evaporation.

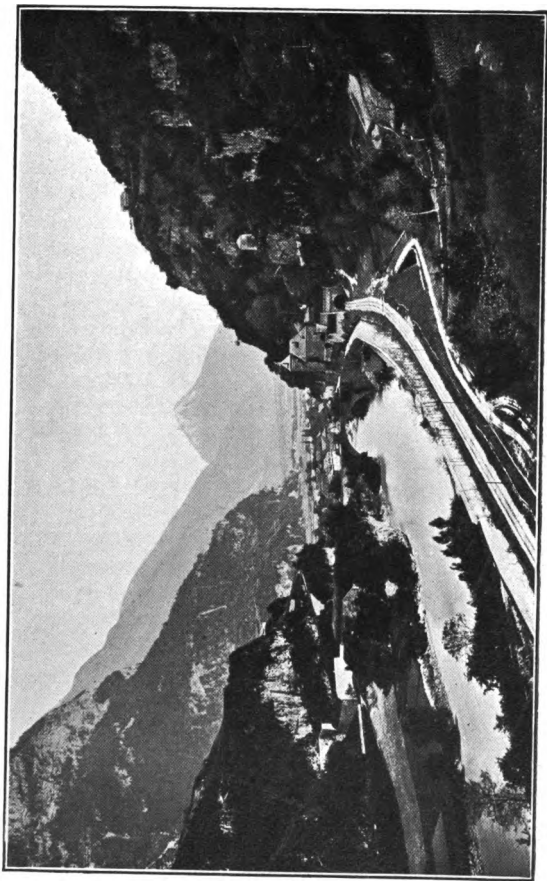
Opposite Bex, on the other side of the

Rhone, is dingy little Monthey; and back of that opens one of the very sweetest of the Arcadian side-valleys of Switzerland, the Val d'Illiez.

The way to Champéry, its highest-lying village, leads up from the cobbled streets of Monthey, through walled vineyards, to shady chestnut and walnut groves, up into the region of cherry-trees, meadows, and summer pastures. The Dent du Midi looms on the left all along the road. The villages of Troistorrents and Val d'Illiez are prosperous-looking places, with flowers at the windows, and patches of grain on the outskirts. But Champéry is the favorite resort. Here, year after year, English families reappear, to occupy the same chalets, with their beautiful babies and exemplary nurses. Some go so far as to give the children regular lessons every morning. With characteristic imperturbability, they barely and grudgingly yield to their surroundings. At the foot of the Dent du Midi, they try to live the life of Margate or Scarborough, and, what is more remarkable, they very nearly succeed.

The natives of the Val d'Illiez are a surprise after the people of the plain. Such a high average of good looks! Stalwart men and pretty women are as common there, as they are rare in the Rhone Valley. My first visit to Champéry was made from Samoëns, in Savoy, by the Col de Coux. It had been a hot walk, with a knapsack on my back. As the afternoon waned, and the village was not yet in sight, I called to a young man who was standing by the roadside, with his back turned to me: "Monsieur, will you please tell me how much farther it is to Champéry?" At that the young man turned, with a charming smile on his face, — for he was a young woman.

The joke is, it is not always easy to tell the sexes apart, for the women have the common-sense and courage to wear men's clothes while at work tending the cows. Is it this, perhaps, which preserves their figures, and keeps their cheeks rosy, long after their sisters in neighboring valleys are bent and faded? The trousers and jackets of black homespun are like those of the men; so are the big hobnailed



ST. MAURICE.



shoes. In fact, the only concession to femininity is a brilliant scarlet handkerchief, wound round the head in an altogether bewitching manner. Unfortunately, Champéry is becoming such a fashionable tourist tramping-ground that the women are getting a little shy, and no longer go about as freely as they used to do during the season. More's the pity! for they teach a much-needed lesson in dress reform. This costume is also particularly convenient, when the women ride up to the Alps on their ponies, to milk the cows. Besides, their woman's dress is a rather ungainly and far-fetched affair, like most of the Valaisan costumes.

At St. Maurice, the Rhone Valley suddenly contracts, so that there is only room for the river and the carriage-road; the railroad has to pass through a tunnel. The Romans, of course, with their unfailing keenness in military matters, immediately recognized the strategic value of this point. In fact, it is the natural key to the Valais. On the Roman charts, it appears as Tarnaïas; but later the name of Agaunum

began to be used, and finally that of St. Maurice.

Maximianus, Emperor of the West, it will be remembered, made a specialty of persecuting Christians; and some time between 280 and 300 A. D., he seems to have distinguished himself by an act of more than usual barbarity. There was a legion passing through Agaunum, on the way to Italy, which had been recruited from Thebes in Egypt, and was commanded by an officer, Maurice. The men were all Christians, therefore they refused to help Maximianus in his work of extermination. In return, the emperor had them surrounded by other troops, and massacred to a man. Hence the name St. Maurice. As a Roman legion of that day numbered about six thousand men, some doubt has been expressed as to the accuracy of the tradition. Almost as much ink has flowed in this controversy, as blood could possibly have been spilt in the massacre.

Certain it is, that Christianity was already firmly established in the Lower Valais during the fourth century, for in 381 there is mention of a Bishop Theodor,

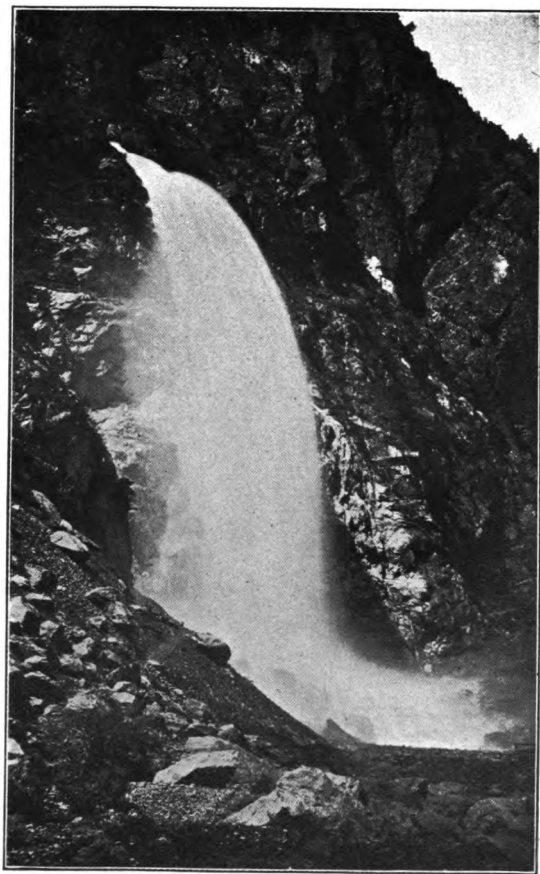
or Theodul, of Martigny. This prelate founded an abbey in memory of the martyrs, probably the first in point of time, north of the Alps. It was richly endowed by Sigismond, king of the first kingdom of Burgundy, and by Charlemagne himself. Here a Margrave, Rudolf, in 888, crowned himself King of Transjurane Burgundy. At all times, too, the abbey was a great resort for pilgrims on their way over the Great St. Bernard.

St. Maurice, the town, is sad and shabby, with a sort of gray blight upon it. A bridge and castle command the valley. The only part of the ancient abbey which remains is a massive square tower, capped by a small octagonal pyramid, with four cones at the corners, and several tiers of rude Romanesque windows up the sides. Some Roman inscriptions have been placed in the walls. The other buildings are of much more recent date. The Augustinian monks will also show you, for a handsome consideration, what is left of the treasury of the abbey, some exceedingly valuable works of art, which attest the great wealth of the old institution.

On the way to Martigny are two natural features, which the guide-books take care to point out,—the waterfall of Pissevache and the Gorges du Trient.

Vernayaz is the starting-place for Chamonix, by way of Salvan and Finhaut. A road that seems to be uncertain, whether it was built for carriages or pedestrians only, rises in many zigzags up the face of a shady cliff, where glorious chestnut-trees have somehow found a foothold. Salvan has already risen to the dignity of a recognized summer resort, and Finhaut is now coming into favor for its delicious air.

Indeed, there is something unique about the scenery along this route,—the broken vistas and unexpected turns, the gorges, the uneven floor of the valley, where the Trient rumbles almost unseen, the radiant slopes, and the enclosing peaks. But agricultural land is poor, and there is very little of it. Only a few sparse plots of grain gleam golden among the rocks; in fact, the most valuable crop is the small wild cherry, ripening late in August, from which *kirsch* is made, that eminently Swiss cordial. Unlike the inhabitants of



**PISSEVACHE WATERFALL.**

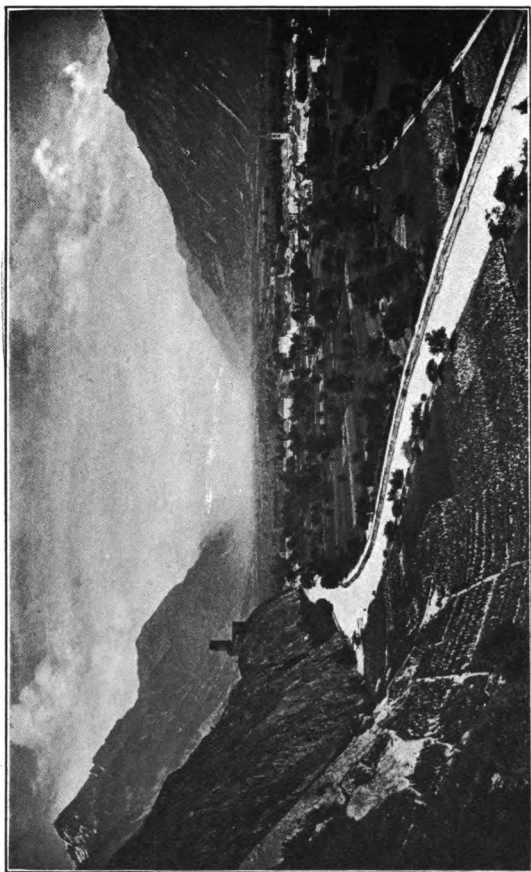


the Val d'Illiez, who are but a few miles away, the people of Finhaut take life very hard; they lack expansiveness, and are still a little distrustful of travellers. Naturally, therefore, the local type is not good-looking. The women seem worn with carrying loads, and lose color before their time. Still, there is no reason to suppose that the art of entertaining tourists cannot be cultivated in Finhaut; and so the sordid struggle will doubtless soon be lightened by tidy little sums, left there annually in the pockets of land-owners, hotel-keepers, and attendants.

Near Martigny, the Rhone Valley makes an unexpected turn at right angles, widening at the same time into a dreary, monotonous plain. As far as the eye can reach, a white road, planted with poplars, stretches in an unwavering line, side by side with an equally straight railroad track. One is glad to escape again into the mountains, whether it be in company with long files of carriages, going to Chamonix by the Tête Noire, or on the less-frequented route of the Great St. Bernard. Those who are

unfortunate enough to spend the night in Martigny, are likely to be inveigled into buying tickets for an organ-concert in the church. These performances would be pathetic, if it were not for the franc which you have paid. As though this infliction were not enough, however, creaking carts pass under your windows all night, the drivers cracking their whips, and shouting like fiends,—going to market, somewhere, I suppose.

Nothing can exceed the impressiveness and solemnity of the Great St. Bernard Pass. It is not as beautiful as at least a dozen other well-known Alpine crossings; it has even a terrible sameness and an unflinching dulness. But this very grimness appalls and fascinates. Besides, one feels the presence of historic ground. The Great St. Bernard was the chosen route for many a Celtic invasion of Italy; Roman legions crossed it to subdue Gaul and Germany; and missionaries passed there, carrying primitive Christianity with them. During the tenth century, it was the haunt of Saracen robbers, who plundered cara-



MARTIGNY.



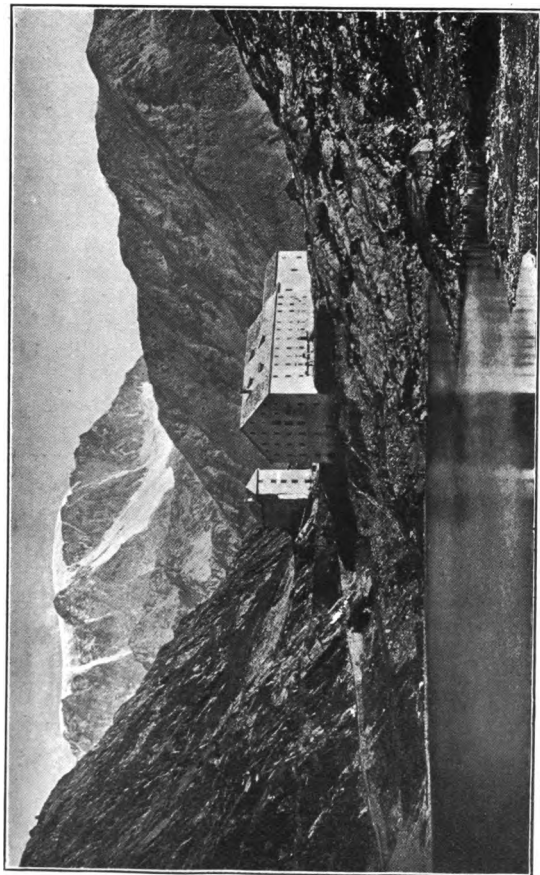
vans of merchants, and held high church dignitaries for ransom. Throughout the Middle Ages, German emperors used the pass repeatedly. From the 15th to the 21st of May, 1800, it witnessed the famous passage of Napoleon I., on his way to Marengo. At present, the St. Gothard Railroad diverts most of the travel from the St. Bernard Pass, — a state of things which will certainly not improve when the Simplon Tunnel is made.

The approach from Martigny is so long and uneventful, that one does not realize the height to which one is climbing, until Bourg-St.-Pierre is passed, and the bridle-path is reached at the Cantine de Proz. But thence to the top, the unmistakable Alpine signs abound, to right and left. The air grows keen; the mountain-sides are bare and lonesome, for the tree-line has been passed; some snow-patches lie in the hollows. Then, just as the perplexing windings of the path have driven you to despair, the hospice looms through the mist.

One of the brethren welcomes strangers with a sweet courtesy which comes as

a complete surprise, after the obsequious insolence of hotel porters. One feels at home immediately. The good brother listens to the oft-repeated tale of cold and fatigue, with a face full of sympathy, as though he was hearing it for the first time. The rooms are apt to be chilly, of course, in a climate that corresponds to the South Cape of Spitzbergen on the sea-level; but the *table-d'hôte* dinner in the dining-room is all that can be desired. The room is furnished with presents from grateful guests. And then the delight of eating without counting the cost, or bothering about fees! One cheerfully drops a generous piece into the alms-box in the church before leaving, although, if the truth must be told, only about one thousand out of sixteen to twenty thousand annual visitors pay for themselves, the rest being poor wayfarers in search of work.

Some sort of a monastery and hospice existed on the pass as early as the ninth century; but the first authentic mention of the foundation made by St. Bernard of Menthon dates from 1125. At present, from ten to fifteen monks and seven atten-



**HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.**



dants are stationed on the St. Bernard, while others of the brotherhood serve at the hospice on the Simplon. After about fifteen years of this life, they descend, with broken health, to an asylum at Martigny. In fact, the hospice of the Great St. Bernard is the highest winter habitation in the Alps, next to the fourth Cantoniera on the Stelvio Pass, in the Tyrol. There are two buildings, weather-beaten, stone-and-mortar structures, that seem to be part of the bare rock and snow of the region. The black lake, which fills the hollow on one side, suggested to Dumas "a picture in miniature of the Dead Sea, lying at the feet of Jerusalem in ruins." On a platform by this lake, the Romans once had a temple to Jupiter Pœninus, where travellers stopped to express their gratitude to the god, or leave him presents and votive tablets. The little museum of the hospice contains a great many Roman finds. It was from this shrine that the mountain took the name of Mons Jovis, and is even now called, locally, Mont Joux.

It takes a very well-ordered stomach, indeed, to stand the horrors of the little

morgue, where the bodies of travellers who have been found by the dogs are kept for identification. The place is a rectangular outhouse. You look through a window, and see a few bodies ranged against the walls, dressed just as they were found, and cramped in their death-struggle. In that altitude, the bodies do not decompose, but dry up and crumble, bit by bit. There they lean, in all sorts of attitudes, in all stages of decay,—black, hollow-eyed, and horrible, sinking to the ground in grotesque helplessness, pathetic and repulsive.

With what relief one turns to the dog-kennels! As the keeper opens the door to let the beauties out, the first sensation is one of surprise. The St. Bernard dogs we usually see in the valleys are huge, curly-haired animals, solemn, and somewhat slouchy in their movements, displaying a tendency to lie down at the slightest provocation. But the dogs at the hospice are short-haired and stout-limbed, like mastiffs, with large heads and sensitive, quivering nostrils. They seem to be strung on wires, as they rush about, sniffing the air excit-

edly, and anxious to distinguish themselves. They represent the most perfect combination of strength and agility imaginable. The original stock, which is said to have come from the Spanish Pyrenees, is now extinct.

In former days, there was a good deal more for them to do, before the hospice was connected by telephone with Martigny and Aosta. Travellers can now inquire about the state of the weather and the paths before they start, or, at all events, warn the brothers of their coming. It looks very much as though the traditional dog of the picture-books, with a flask of brandy tied to his neck, would lose his occupation soon.

Sion is the capital of Canton Valais, an interesting-looking town of over five thousand inhabitants, half feudal and half rustic, rising from the burning plain of the Rhone in a curious medley of bleached houses and ancient walls. The surrounding castles of Tourbillon, Valeria, and Majoria heighten its appearance of a fortress. The place is at its best during vintage time.

An old mansion of the Supersaxo family is spoken of as containing objects of interest; and the torrent of the Sionne, which flows down the principal street of the town in a channel covered with wooden beams, acts as a reminder of the mountains. On one side, the passes of the Sanetsch and the Rawyl lead over to the Simmenthal and the Bernese Oberland; on the other, open the interesting valleys of Hérens and Hérémence, whose primitive, patriarchal inhabitants have been so well described by M. Victor Tissot in "La Suisse Inconnue."

Sierre is another typical Valaisan town, clinging to the foot of the mountains, in the broiling sun. A certain air of mediæval dilapidation lends an added charm. At one side of the town is a special quarter, like a separate hamlet, consisting of low, unfinished houses, built helter-skelter, and unoccupied for the greater part of the year. At stated times, the mountaineers of the Val d'Anniviers, who own the best vineyards of the district, descend *en masse* to cultivate them in common, each family sending one representative. The hamlet then becomes suddenly peopled with a

hard-working race, in sober costume. In the morning, men and women assemble at the sound of drum and fife, and march to the common vineyard, with music and flags. Prayers are recited before the labor begins; and in the evening, the same procession files back to the rickety houses.

From the uninviting little borough town of Loèche, or Leuk, a fine road mounts in great windings by Inden to Leuker-Bad and the Gemmi Pass. The baths have passed through many vicissitudes. They were known to the Romans, of course, who ferreted out hot springs wherever they were to be had. During the "thousand years without a bath," of the Middle Ages, they must have fallen into oblivion. It was reserved for the most widely known personage the Valais has ever produced, to revive the prestige of Leuker-Bad.

Cardinal Mathew Schinner, Count-Bishop of Sion, was born in the miserable hamlet of Müllibach, just above Fiesch, in the Upper Valais. His boyhood was spent in great poverty, and in a brave struggle to educate himself for the Church. Con-

spicuous talents of administration, backed by energy and ambition, marked his ecclesiastical career. An uncle of his became Bishop of Sion, and abdicated in his favor.

Pope Julius II. was just then trying to rid Italy of the French, and turned to the Swiss to help him. Schinner became his agent in raising the necessary mercenary troops. He preached a veritable crusade against the French throughout the Confederation, persuading thousands of Swiss to cross the Alps repeatedly in defence of papal interests. For these services, he was created Cardinal, — an honor never before conferred upon a native of Swiss soil, and only once since, in the case of the late Cardinal Mermeillod. Under the stimulus of Schinner's exhortations, the Swiss drove the French out of Italy, after the battle of Novara; but the prelate finally tricked them into a bloody defeat at Marignano, whence they withdrew after frightful slaughter, disgusted with their foreign adventures.

It was in 1501 that Schinner erected some buildings at Leuker-Bad, but they were unfortunately destroyed by an ava-

lanche soon after, as were also others in 1719. When the mule-track over the Gemmi Pass was hewn out of the face of the cliff, in 1736-41, the place rose in importance.

At the present time, Leuker-Bad is not in favor with the great bathing public. The bath-houses wear a dejected air; there is no gay gossip in the square, where the fountain runs; booths, with mountain-crystals and wood-carvings, no longer line the grass-grown promenade; no fashionable flirtations and nightly dances enliven the hotels that stand about, far too numerous to lodge infrequent guests. The pathos of unpopularity broods over the whole place. For some reason or other, the rich foreigners who used to spend their seasons there, some twenty years ago, have abandoned it to transient tourists and poorer invalids.

The water from the hot spring is led into bath-houses, situated in different parts of the village. The *cure* consists of a tremendous soaking, spread over twenty-seven days. You begin by bathing for, say, half an hour, and increase the time, until you spend four or five hours a day in the water.

If all works well, a rash ought to break out after the first week, and disappear before the third. When one adds the nap of an hour, which is obligatory after every bath, there remains comparatively little time for outdoor amusements.

That is probably the reason why the bath is made as attractive as possible by an artless system of bathing in common. The guests sit about in a large tank, with the water up to their shoulders,—ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, clad in long flannel gowns. Little crescent-shaped tables float about, upon which you can take your breakfast of coffee and rolls, or play checkers and dominos. A gallery runs along the principal bath; and every visitor who comes in to see the bathers, is hailed with shouts of "*pour les pauvres*," while a basket, fastened to a stick, is held out to him. Woe to the tourist who does not, or pretends not, to understand! He will be fairly hooted out of the place; and then some of the bathers, by long practice, are able to squirt water from their hands with deadly precision. It is an art the boys learn from each other with phenomenal

quickness. Altogether, there is a good deal of fun going on, and the best of manners prevail at all times.

One of the sights of the neighborhood are the eight ladders that lead up to the village of Albinen. The natives climb up and down unconcernedly, trained from earliest youth. The women, in using the ladders, take the hem of their skirts at the back, and, passing it between the legs, fasten it in front, so as to extemporize a sort of divided skirt.

From near Leuk, up to the Rhone Glacier, German is spoken, — a harsh-sounding dialect, which all the other German Swiss pretend is more rude and primitive than theirs. What poverty and misery! The goitre on the necks of men and women is so common that its absence occasions remark. The villages seem thrown down, as it were, by the handful, their houses crowded and low, unwholesome, unventilated, and undrained; the country alternating between stony tracts, fresh meadows, vineyards, and pine forests. Here and there, a strong tower recalls days of feudal

oppression. Only the glimpses up the side-valleys remain, ever more alluring as you progress.

Visp is the gate to an enchanted garden of the Alps, perhaps the very noblest and most inspiring spot in Switzerland. It seems almost incredible that Zermatt had to be practically rediscovered for modern tourists, although the Théodule Pass was undoubtedly used in Roman times. In 1789, De Saussure paid the first recorded visit of a traveller, the details of which have reached us. His reception by the astonished inhabitants was anything but pleasant. A few years later, an English party visited Zermatt, and as this century advanced, an increasing number of botanists, naturalists, and geologists made it a happy hunting-ground. Such men as Sir John Herschel, Agassiz, Desor, the two Forbes, Tyndall, and Ruskin were among early visitors. One by one, the giant peaks were scaled until, in 1865, Mr. Whymper capped the climax by his daring ascent of the Matterhorn.

The first travellers took shelter with the

parish priest, Pfarrer Gottsponer; but, in 1839, Dr. Lauber, the village doctor, built an inn, which was later bought by M. Alexandre Seiler, and called the Hôtel de Monte Rosa.

The Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, who has made some remarkable studies in the by-ways of Swiss history, finds that Zermatt is mentioned in documents dated as early as 1280, and thinks the settlement must doubtless be much older. The inhabitants were originally probably united in a free Mark, but ultimately fell into feudal dependence upon certain powerful families in the Rhone Valley.

Brig gives one a last glimpse of the peculiar Oriental quality of the Valais, — a dusty, glaring, white-walled town, where the railroad ends, and the great Simplon carriage-road begins. Farther up, the country loses whatever southern characteristics it possessed, and becomes frankly Alpine, Teutonic, monotonous. Dirty, huddled villages succeed each other, after long stretches of open pasture. The houses of pine or larch wood, tanned brown on the sunny

quarter, are topped by enormous roofs; gardens become rarer; and ghastly wooden crucifixes stand by the wayside, in all their terrible crudities of blood and wounds, painted scarlet. The landscape grows greener, darker, more subdued and restful. The valley narrows, and the road mounts in weary zigzags to great natural terraces; while the Rhone ceases to be a river, and becomes a boisterous, boiling torrent. A keener air blows down the sides, bringing a smell of forests, shrubs, and wild-flowers. At every corner you expect the end of this wayward valley; its sombre persistency fatigues and depresses. One longs for a halting-place; so that it is generally in a mood of utter weariness that the hubbub of the Gletsch Hôtel is first heard, and the glistening spires of the Rhone Glacier are sighted.

During the short summer season, a ceaseless stream of tourists passes this point from the Grimsel, the Furka, or the Rhone Valley. No one stays there except to take a meal, or at most a night's lodging. There is a greedy scramble to secure places at the *table d'hôte*, in the *diligence*, in the

very barber's chair. It is a grumbling, bargaining mess of nationalities, competing for drivers and guides. Carriages of all models are there, from the comical little *Einspänner* to the great Italian travelling-carriages, with four horses, having foxes' tails dangling from their bridles at the side of the head. The lumbering yellow *diligence* is another variety.

And all the while the glorious glacier beyond the hotel stands unmindful, like a cataract frozen in the act of being tossed and swirled about. Its pointed waves have crystallized into pyramids and columns, while, in between, a chaos of crevasses yawn, with iridescent blues and greens. After the glacier in its fall seems to have been broken into hopeless disarray, it reaches the level, consolidates, and pushes out over a desert waste of rocks, sand, and mud. At the end, from an ice cavern that changes form every year, the glacier lets slip the tumbling torrent of the Rhone, to overrun Switzerland and France.

## CHAPTER XII.

### STORMING THE MATTERHORN.

**T**HE glory of first ascents has departed from Switzerland. The golden age of Alpine climbing is no more. Explorers have left for other highlands, farther from the beaten track. The Tyrol came first, then the Dauphiné, the Carpathians, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the Andes, and the snow mountains of New Zealand. Not long ago, Kilimanjaro, the great snow mountain of Africa, was ascended. The wave of pioneer climbing has passed over Switzerland, onward, to conquer the world.

After Mont Blanc, all the other great peaks were ascended, one by one, — in 1811, the Jungfrau; in 1812, the Finsteraarhorn. Then came the scientific investigations of Agassiz, Guyot, and Desor, of Forbes and Tyndall. Monte Rosa was conquered in 1851. From 1854 on, a great number of

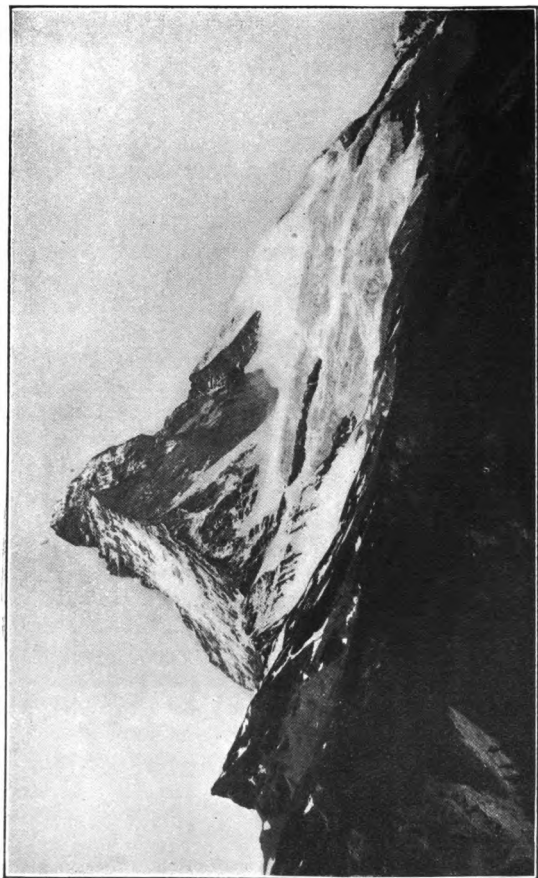
Englishmen entered heart and soul into the work of exploring the glaciers and peaks, — men like Hudson, Kennedy, Hardy, Wills, Whymper, MacDonald, Ball, and others. It was the era of exploration, the heyday of famous guides, — like Johann Benen, Melchior Anderegg, and Michel Croz. The Alpine Club was founded in 1857; and the work of describing the Alps was planned out and pushed forward with such vigor, that to-day hardly a nook or cranny remains unexplored.

During that time, many remarkable ascents were made. The late Professor Tyndall, among other exploits, managed to be the first to reach the top of the Weiss-horn. On one occasion, this intrepid scientist climbed Monte Rosa absolutely alone, in his shirt-sleeves, with one ham sandwich and a pint bottle of tea. At another time, he risked his life in treacherous weather in order to place a minimum thermometer upon the summit of Mont Blanc. For many years, he was in the habit of spending his summers upon the Belalp, near the Eggishorn, in a cottage of his own, whence he could easily explore the marvels of the

great Aletsch Glacier, the lake of Merjelen with its miniature icebergs, as well as the monster mountains of the Bernese group.

But perhaps the most thrilling of the many first ascents made at this time was that of the Matterhorn (14,705 feet) by Mr. Edward Whymper, in 1865. In his delightful book, entitled "Scrambles among the Alps in the Years 1860-69," this dauntless climber gives us a graphic account of his extraordinary feat and its sad culmination.

The Matterhorn looms above Zermatt like a monument, — like something between a pyramid and an obelisk, with sides of precipitous cliffs. Before Mr. Whymper's ascent, it was considered the most thoroughly inaccessible of all mountains. In fact, it was the last of the great peaks to remain unscaled; and the natives had, as usual, a stock of gruesome legends to relate. Several years in succession, Mr. Whymper went out from England to explore its cliffs, and experiment with appliances for surmounting its difficulties. He was obliged to record seven failures before he succeeded.



THE MATTERHORN.



One of these attempts came very near ending fatally. He was entirely alone upon the mountain, and at a great height, when, in turning a difficult corner, he slipped, and fell back, head over heels, down a steep snow-slope. Incredible as it may seem, he was not killed by this fall. A kindly ledge stopped him just in time; and so he was able to make his way down uninjured, though decidedly the worse for wear.

It was on the 13th of July, 1865, on a perfectly cloudless day, that a party started from Zermatt on this perilous expedition. Besides Mr. Whymper himself, there was the Rev. Charles Hudson, considered one of the best amateur climbers of his day; a young friend of his, named Hadow, who, though only nineteen years of age, had just been to the top of Mont Blanc; and Lord Francis Douglas, of about the same age, just fresh from his ascent of the difficult Ober Gabelhorn. These gentlemen were accompanied by three guides, — Michel Croz, of Chamonix, Peter Taugwalder, and the latter's son. It is necessary to specify their names carefully in order to understand the party's tragic descent.



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The night was spent in an improvised camp at an altitude of about eleven thousand feet. Before dawn, the party resumed its progress. At an altitude of about fourteen thousand feet, the most difficult part of the ascent began. The climbers had to make their way up the face of a steep, sloping cliff, partly covered with snow and ice films. But this dangerous part was, happily, surmounted; and at 1.40 P.M., Mr. Whymper and the guide Croz simultaneously reached the virgin summit. Then came the descent, which was to end so fatally.

The party were roped together in the following order: the guide, Michel Croz, led; then followed young Hadow; and after them Hudson, Lord Douglas, Peter Taugwalder the elder, Mr. Whymper, and, last, Peter Taugwalder the younger. As they were descending the dangerous icy cliffs referred to above, a slip was made which resulted in one of the most terrible accidents recorded in the annals of mountaineering. Mr. Whymper, who was one of the survivors, relates:—

“Michel Croz had laid aside his axe and,

in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet one by one into their proper positions. As far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock; but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself. At this moment, Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment, Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately I heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rock would permit. The rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate com-

panions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn-gletscher below,— a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them.”\*

The three survivors clung for half an hour to their perilous post on the cliff, unable to move up or down, the two guides completely unnerved, and breaking out every moment into loud lamentations. Then they made their way down, as best they could, looking in vain for traces of their lost comrades. To add to their terror, when they were farther down, a very rare phenomenon of the Alps suddenly loomed upon them. A mighty arch appeared against the sky, and gradually two vast crosses developed within it. The guides, appalled by this unearthly apparition, thought it had some connection with the accident. The survivors were obliged to

\* *Scrambles among the Alps in the Years 1860-69.* London. 1871. p. 396.

spend another miserable night upon the mountain before, shattered and exhausted, they could descend to Zermatt.

The bodies of the fallen were discovered lying in the order in which they had started from above, but that of Lord Douglas was never recovered,—a few articles of his clothing only were found.

Such was the tragic first ascent of the Matterhorn. The mountain is now frequently ascended, even by ladies. The rocks have been blasted at the most difficult points, and ropes attached to steady the climbers; but the sudden changes of weather, to which the Matterhorn seems to be particularly exposed, still render it, to a certain extent, a dangerous mountain.

Switzerland has now become the "Playground of Europe." Of the hundreds of thousands who visit it every summer, thousands swarm over its passes and summits in frantic emulation. Some enthusiasts choose the winter for their ascents, and others wander for weeks at a time from chain to chain, without descending below the snow-line. There are those who profess to find pleasure only in climbing

rocks. The Jungfrau is voted tame and dull, because there is too much snow upon it. The great thing is to discover some new route, more perpendicular than the others, to pass over the Alps across-country, as it were, taking as little account as possible of natural obstacles. In fact, the passion for Alpine climbing has now reached a point undreamed of by the pioneer climbers. It has entered upon a new and, in some respects, a ridiculous period.

No wonder that "Tartarin sur les Alpes" was written, or that Bompard should say to the hero from Tarascon:—

"Switzerland at the present day, Mr. Tartarin, is nothing but a vast Kursaal, open from June to September, a panoramic Casino, where people meet from the four quarters of the globe to amuse themselves. It is managed by an enormously rich company, with hundreds of thousands of millions, having offices in Geneva and London. . . . At the same time, the Company, in view of the patronage of its English and American climbers, keeps up the dangerous and terrible appearance

of certain famous Alps, the Jungfrau, the Monk, and the Finsteraarhorn, although, in reality, there is no more danger there than elsewhere.'

"'But still, the crevasses, my good friend, those horrible crevasses!... If you fall into them!'

"'You fall on the snow, Mr. Tartarin, and you do not hurt yourself; there is always below, at the bottom, a porter or a hunter, — some one who picks you up, brushes you off, shakes you, and politely asks if Monsieur has any baggage.'..."

"'What nonsense are you telling me?'"

But Bompard continued, with redoubled gravity: "The keeping in repair of these crevasses entails one of its largest outlays upon the Company."

As an antidote to the sad catastrophe on the Matterhorn, you cannot do better than read Tartarin's ludicrous ascent of the Jungfrau. His refusal to take any precautions, his serenity after falling into a crevasse, his complete confidence that the whole excursion was a joke, and the guides were accomplices, — all this is quite inimitable.

Happily, mountaineering, even in Switzerland, has not come to such a pass. There was some virtue in knight-errantry, even when Cervantes killed it with satire; and there is plenty of exhilaration left in mountain-climbing, plenty of splendid exercise. Steady eyes and nerves, self-control and self-sacrifice, are still needed. Only it is a little discouraging to adventure, this orderly systematizing of climbing by means of club huts, and guides with diplomas. As for the encroachment of railroads upon the snow-line, it must cause the surviving pioneers to speak under their breath, the more the hotel-keepers laugh in their sleeve.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LOCARNO AND LUGANO.

**H**OW immediate and impressive is the change when you pass out of the St. Gothard Tunnel, going south! After the cold, crystalline atmosphere of the north, its rigid firs and slopes of glowing green, its wooden chalets and general air of Teutonic neatness, you emerge into a land of warm colors. Luxuriant walnut and chestnut trees cover the hillsides, vines are festooned from granite posts, and the stone houses are streaked in impossible tints with sham, painted windows. There is an air of slap-dash about the villages, from their tumble-down roofs of tiles to their brilliant Lombard campanili, open at the top, where bells are always ringing. It is a transition from Alpine exhilaration to Italian leisure.

When the train has performed its last wonderful windings, and dropped down into the Val Leventina, it follows the hurrying Ticino, past Giornico, into the lovely region of the Riviera. But just before you get your first view of Lago Maggiore, the fortress of Bellinzona bars the way. It forms a monster barricade against the south.

Bellinzona bears a certain resemblance to Sion, in the Valais; both are cantonal capitals, and strategic points of first importance. But Nature has not been as kind to Bellinzona. Its surroundings wear an arid, desert look, unwholesome and unhappy; the mountains are bare and monotonous; the plain looks dusty and blighted, as though swept by fierce winds. There is an unkindly glare about the place. The people seem ill at ease, suffering from some local type of wretchedness. Even the brand-new railroad station and the white expanse of barracks cannot atone for this absence of geniality.

And yet where will you find anything more fantastical than those three castles of Uri, Schwiz, and Unterwalden? They

command the valley, and are joined together by terraced walls and bastions, that run in and out among the modern houses in a most unaccountable fashion. The fact is, that these strongholds tell the history of the Italian Swiss people,—rather a humiliating one, until the French Revolution set them free. From belonging originally to the Dukes of Milan, the Val Leventina fell into the hands of the rude mountaineers of the Forest Cantons, in the course of the fourteenth century. The freemen on the banks of Luzern, who believed in self-government for themselves, but not for others, sent bailiffs to rule their new provinces. These gentlemen used to buy their appointments at auction, treating them as investments, for what they could make out of them, in the way of taxes and private exactions. It is generally believed that the inhabitants of Val Leventina did not appreciate their ignorant and brutal rulers from across the Alps, who bullied them in a harsh northern dialect, and grew rich at their expense. It is even suspected that they thought just as highly of their old Milanese masters, who, at all events,

oppressed them in Italian. Perhaps that is the reason why the hateful Teutonic names are no longer used in connection with residences of the bailiffs. The castles of Schwiz and Unterwalden, now in ruins, are called Castelli di Mezzo and di Corbario; that of Uri, used as prison and arsenal, Castello Grande.

Beyond Bellinzona lies the enchanted region of the Italian Lakes, midway between the rugged glories of the Alps and the languid fertility of the plain of Lombardy; full of bland and balmy surprises, of soothing magic, enticing and seductive. You have the choice of entering this district by way of Locarno, on Lago Maggiore, or by Lugano and its lake.

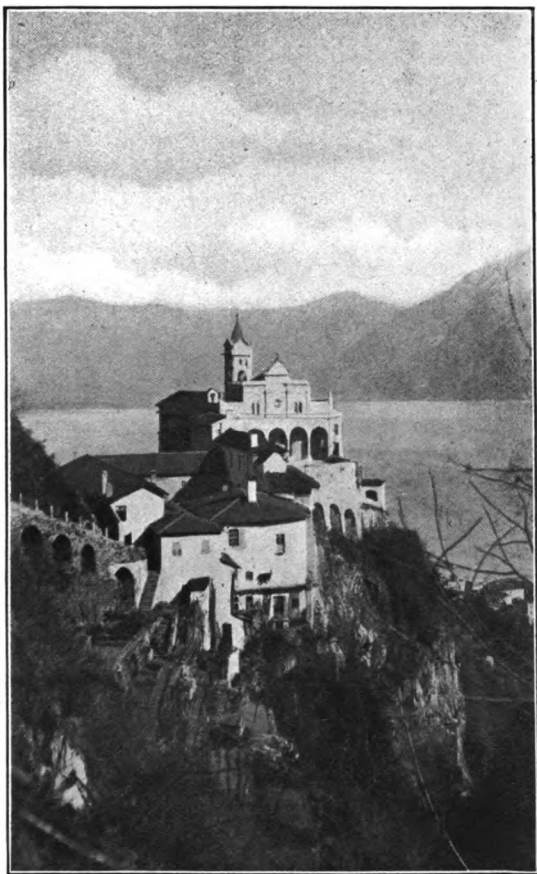
Locarno has not so far proved a success as a tourist resort, and so the people have not yet made a business of cultivating the little smirks and deceptions that follow in the wake of the *Fremdenindustrie*. Of course, there is the magnificent Grand Hotel, with gardens and five-franc dinners; but people say that it has proved an unlucky speculation.

That which is best worth seeing in Locarno, its precious jewel and heirloom, is, without doubt, the pilgrimage chapel of the Madonna del Sasso (of the Rock). It is perched above the town upon a cliff, projecting between two ravines, posed as for a painter. The architectural lines suggest a delightful, hap-hazard mixture, from the high substructures like parapets, to the loggia and the foolish little tower. The coloring is a rich yellow, with here and there bits of red or blue frescoing, and the red brown of the tiles on the roof.

There are two ways to the top. Unless one is going to pray and confess, it is wise to mount by the easier one, a cobbled and shady path, and to reserve the steep, sunny *via crucis* for the descent. Unfortunately, the pleasant path is lined with horrible oratories, containing life-size terra-cotta groups, painted vivid and ghastly. One would have to get up very early indeed in the morning, to escape the old women who pass the day there. They have a way of mumbling feverishly at their prayers as you approach, and then suddenly wheeling around for alms, with a dexterity that is

very apt to make you give something, before you can stop to think. The chapel of the Madonna was dedicated in 1606. There is an old sun-dial on the wall, and a primitive clock with only one hand. The interior is a mass of rough and vulgar ornamentation, from which a modern Entombment by Ciseri stands out in refreshing contrast. On the mountain-side above the chapel, is an outlook whence the eye can range over the roofs of Locarno to the delta of the Ticino, and across the lake to the bare, bronze-colored mountains opposite.

Travellers usually see Locarno in spring or autumn. In the former season, the whole country-side is pervaded with a delicious perfumed dampness; the prim-roses line the embankments and wayside hedges with their saffron embroidery; periwinkles nestle in cool shelters; and the oranges and lemons, trained against the white walls, hang ripe for plucking. Peasants call to one another from their sloping fields or trellised vineyards. A woman clinks along the cobbled ways in wooden sandals, or a boy sings a scrap of song, while



**MADONNA DEL SASSO.**



he beats his donkey on the highway. As though to intensify this springtime gladness, the church-bells ring on the slightest provocation. It is all so Italian, so relaxing and restful. In the late autumn, a certain exhilaration sharpens the air, producing a phenomenal clearness of atmosphere; the summer greens have been scorched into rich reds and yellows; impalpable violets hover in the shadows of the mountains; and the sky dawns day after day pure, serene, and unchanging.

Locarno is, at best, a poor, unprogressive place. There is hardly anything worth seeing in the town itself, unless it be the remnants of a tumble-down castle, almost crowded out of sight by unwholesome-looking houses, an arcaded street, and a few gaudy churches. The unfinished bell-tower of St. Victor perhaps has something about it that is fine. But for a sight which is really romantically gruesome, commend me to the Castello di Ferro by the lakeside, just out of town. It contains all the necessities for an old-fashioned volume on sentimental villany. There are grated windows, gates leading into an interior

court, a tower with a gallery running round it, and next door a tiny antique chapel, where the assassin could confess, and the lovers get married. There are even weeping willows on the beach, so that the unsuccessful suitor could drown himself in proper stage setting. In point of fact, awful stories are told of this dingy castle, for the benevolent bailiffs who were sent by the Swiss Confederates to govern this district, used it for some of their most picturesque crimes.

Locarno has one special claim to recognition in history. When the Reformation threatened to disturb its papal churchmanship with new-fangled ideas about the Bible and independent congregations, the majority of the people generously determined to make a great sacrifice, in order to save their native town from heresy. The Protestant agitation had already taken quite a hold upon the place; and, as luck would have it, some of the most influential and industrious families had become converts, — like the Orelli and the Muralto. Sadly, but firmly, the good Catholics set to work to persecute and banish everybody who

would not conform to their ritual, until their beloved town was cleaned of every heretical stain. In those days, Locarno used to possess a thriving silk industry and some five thousand inhabitants; after the heroic measures of the Catholics, the silk industry was transferred to Zürich by the exiles, and the population sank almost to the vanishing point.

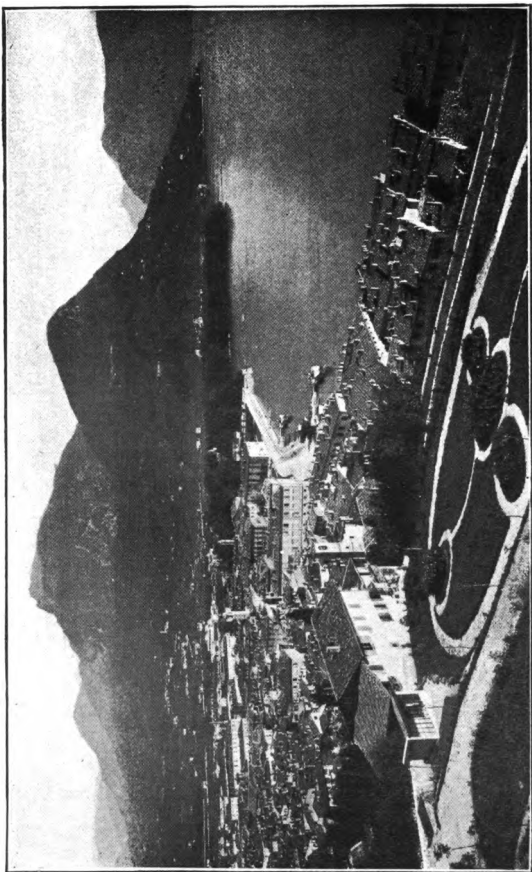
The excursions around Locarno are of all kinds. At Ascona, however, there is a work of art highly praised by Rahn, Switzerland's principal art critic. It is the façade of the Casa Borroni, done in stucco by Giovanni Serodino. The work is in the best Renaissance style, now somewhat damaged and in places coarsely patched, but still betraying the touch of a real master. Rahn calls it "the finest façade on Swiss soil." \*

Farther south, the shores of Lago Maggiore grow more beautiful every time the steamer makes a stop, more Oriental with olive, pomegranate, and myrtle trees. The writer would like to stray down to the rich

\* Rahn, J. Rudolf. *Kunst und Wanderstudien aus der Schweiz*. Vienna. 1883. p. 164.

glories that are suggested by the name of the Borromean Islands, — of Pallanza, Stresa, Laveno, etc.; but unfortunately the Swiss frontier does not extend farther south than Brissago, and this book is to be devoted to Switzerland. But we can take our revenge by turning aside to Lugano, which is quite capable of holding its own, even amid the blandishments of its Italian neighbors.

The guide-books are not far wrong when they speak of Lugano as a miniature Naples. Its curving line of quays sweeps around a gulf of pure azure; white houses sun themselves in amphitheatre, as though sitting for a spectacle; and a wreath of villas is thrown out upon the country-side. With a little indulgence on the part of travellers, San Salvatore can even masquerade as a small Vesuvius, without smoke. No wonder they call one of the lakeside suburbs "Paradiso." The people, too, have a certain Italian suppleness of mind and manner, that comes from being much out-of-doors under the kindly sun. At the cafés, they prefer to sit around little tables on the pavement, where a few orange-trees



LUGANO.



in pots make a pretence of seclusion from the street. They will spend hours there, noisy and gesticulating over their harmless drinks.

The temperament of the Ticinese is Italian, but with a difference. A little of that Swiss sourness, which somehow comes with the sordid struggle in the Alps, has filtered down the mountains, and sobered their natural expansiveness. Perhaps they are all the more reliable for this reason. Their century of self-government, too, has given them a wholesome self-respect; and, though their Canton is still indulgently regarded by Teutonic Swiss neighbors as the bad boy in the family of the Confederation, they are not devoid of a good deal of political common-sense. Their love of the native soil soon lures them back from foreign countries, to which necessity makes them emigrate in great numbers. Whether selling roast chestnuts on the streets of Paris, or working in the vineyards of California, they invariably look forward at last to a home on their own native slopes.

Lugano has profited enormously by the St. Gothard Railroad. It is now as pro-

gressive as Locarno is reactionary. Not only has it become a favorite winter resort, but it also boasts of several flourishing industries, and its shops are certainly well supplied.

Rahn has truly said, "At no time has Switzerland been a land prominent in art."\* But Ticino deserves in a measure to stand as an exception to this sweeping judgment. Some of its churches contain art treasures of great value. Rahn cites, for example, a fresco in the village of Ponte Capriasca, above Taverne. It is an ancient copy of Lionardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," so nobly done and well preserved that Giuseppe Bossi thought it worth special study, when he accepted the delicate task of restoring the original "Last Supper" in Milan.

In Lugano itself, Bernardino Luini has left us some of his very best work, upon the walls of S. Maria degli Angioli, — a "Passion" in three sections, a "Last Supper," and a widely known Madonna. Luini was essentially a fresco painter, and

\* Rahn, J. Rudolf. *Kunst und Wanderstudien aus der Schweiz*. Vienna. 1883. p. 7.

in this capacity was unsurpassed for the brilliancy and purity of his scale of colors. In composition, he was, however, inferior to Da Vinci, being an idyllic, rather than a dramatic, genius. He was most successful as the interpreter of naïve grace, of tender, youthful joy. The Cathedral of San Lorenzo has a costly marble façade, and a pretty poor fountain statue of William Tell, by Vincenzo Vela, a sculptor of local reputation, adorns the quay. As for the rest, the interior of the town is quaintly arcaded and paved in large blocks, Italian fashion.

Of an evening, in the mellow half-lights of May, when the season is at its height, the quay becomes the promenade of cosmopolitan crowds. The hotel *tables d'hôte* have spun their weary courses to an end, and dismissed the chatting guests into the open air. The native Ticinese come from their villas on the outskirts, or their dark houses in the town, to show themselves by the water-side, strolling in family groups, or as dapper dandies in gaudy neckties. It is a hash of nationalities, flavored with a little Italian garlic. In the summer, other hotel-keepers will stir this same mixture on

the quay of Luzern with a sprinkling of Swiss cheese.

The lake of Lugano is altogether on a less imposing scale than Maggiore and Como; its banks are more uniform, less opulent and Oriental, but its windings are delightfully wayward. If you decide to return to Switzerland across the Alps, go by way of Porlezza, at the end of the eastern arm of the lake, thence to Menaggio, and up the Lake of Como to Chiavenna. Even before you have reached Porlezza, however, you will have left Switzerland.

Under the hollow pretence of acting as guide, I must accompany you to Menaggio for the view.

It is there that Bellagio is seen, crouching upon the tongue of land which divides the lake of Como into two parts, a glistening miracle amid fairy bowers; Cadenabbia on the hither side, less theatrical in appearance, but rejoicing in lovelier gardens; white-walled Varenna opposite; Tremezzo; and all the other places, where couples spend their honeymoons, or lovers make arrangements for future ones. There are secluded stretches along this lake that

neither railroad nor carriage-road has touched as yet. A cobbled foot-path leads from village to hamlet, rising and falling with the nature of the shore, skirting cliffs by means of terraces, creeping between walled vineyards, and crossing chasms on vaulted bridges.

Of course, all this is in Italy, and by rights ought not to be mentioned in this book.

Let me just urge you to notice the olive-orchards in spring, — the gray-green of the leaves against the pink almond-blossoms. Was there ever a harmony so tender, so subtle! And the gardens, radiant with waxen camellias, pure white and scarlet; thickets of flowering rhododendron; lavender wistaria, caressing yellow house-walls; sombre verdure stretching up to naked rocks and crests; oranges and lemons ripening in sunny corners, — you will not find their like elsewhere. Then do not overlook the amusing little jetties and harbors, the awninged boats, and the magic mystery of the water. Listen to the dirge-like singing of the boatmen. Breathe deeply of the scented air, crush the violets in your

palm, and wait at dusk for the first tentative trills of the nightingale, that you may carry away in all your senses the delights of that thrice-blessed region.

There is no place in the world where it is so easy to become idiotically sentimental as on the lake of Como.

And yet the writer has one slight excuse for lingering on the lake of Como, for on the way up to Colico to connect with the train for Chiavenna, the boat stops at Dongo. Nearly above the village of Musso, upon precipitous cliffs, are perched the ruins of three castles. From 1525 to 1531, they were held by a *condottiere*, Giovanni Giacomo Medici, a charming villain with a fine name and of obscure ancestry. By posing as the representative of the Dukes of Milan, this enterprising robber managed to bring the whole lake into subjection, and then began to trouble his neighbors in Graubünden. The latter appealed for help to the Swiss Confederates. Now, at this moment, the Catholic and Protestant parties in Switzerland were facing each other in a sullen, suspicious mood, waiting for an excuse to renew

hostilities. When this call for help was rejected by the Catholic cantons, the Protestants immediately suspected them of sympathizing with the *condottiere*. In fact, this worthless plunderer actually became the cause of the so-called second war of Kappel. The Protestants precipitated a contest upon utterly unfounded suspicions, were badly beaten in a pitched battle, and Zwingli himself left dead upon the field.

Chiavenna (Italian, *chiave*) is the key that will unlock the marvels of Graubünden. There are two key-holes, the Splügen and the Maloja passes, and they lead to Chur and the Engadine.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CHUR AND THE ENGADINE.

**B**EFORE the Romans conquered the territory now known as Switzerland, it was inhabited by a conglomeration of hostile tribes, for the most part of Celtic origin. But the valleys of the eastern Alps, comprising the modern Canton of Graubünden and the Tyrol, were in possession of the Raeti, of mixed Latin and Etruscan stock. It is the subjugation of the latter by Tiberius and Drusus, the step-sons of Emperor Augustus, which Horace celebrates in a famous ode. At the time of the Teutonic invasion of the Roman empire, Raetia received a certain number of German-speaking immigrants, and in the tenth century was used for awhile as a basis of operations by the Saracen brigands who made Europe unsafe.

During the Middle Ages Raetia was divided into feudal fragments similar to

those which characterized Switzerland in general. It was not until the beginning of the fifteenth century that the various ecclesiastical and secular rulers united with the communities of free peasants to form a loose confederation, which became known as the Gray League, or Graubünden. This league often co-operated with the Swiss Confederation in matters of foreign policy, as a trusted ally, but maintained its independence and lived its own life.

In 1797, the Val Tellina (German *Veltlin*) which was a subject-land of Graubünden, broke away, with Napoleon's permission, to join the newly created Cisalpine Republic. Next year, the French invaded Switzerland and erected the short-lived Helvetic Republic. Then came the terrible summer of 1799, when Switzerland and Graubünden became the battleground of Europe, a prey to vast French, Russian, and Austrian armies. In the general remodelling of States which followed in 1803, Graubünden became a canton of the Swiss Confederation, in accordance with Napoleon's Act of Mediation.

Chur is strangely primitive for the capital of the largest of the Swiss cantons. There are some new houses in the direction of the railroad station, but the town itself is ancient and shabby, with happy-go-lucky, narrow streets.

What is known as the Episcopal Court occupies high ground. Here the cathedral of St. Lucius and the bishop's palace face upon a square, adorned with a fountain, the whole quarter being surrounded with walls, so that its general appearance is quite like that of a fortress. Two towers are called, in local speech, Marsoel and Spinoel; that is, in Latin, *Mars in oculis* and *Spina in oculis*, which practically means that the Romans had to keep a sharp eye on their conquered Raeti. It is pleasant to know that you can now drink a glass of wine, and enjoy the view from the tower of Spinoel, regardless of the Romans.

The place is marked on Roman charts as Curia. Its bishopric is first mentioned in the acts of a Synod of Milan, in 452; but there is the legend of a missionary, a certain Saint Lucius, from Britain, who is

supposed to have established himself here at an earlier time. It is impossible to determine what kernel of truth the tradition may contain; at the same time, the name of the saint has been connected with Chur, practically since the introduction of Christianity into that region.

The cathedral is extremely curious, without being exactly beautiful. An ancient stone portal consists of columns reposing on lions' backs, after the fashion of so many early entrances and pulpits. Within, there is a succession of styles, Romanesque predominating, but the whole is too crude to be more than interesting. The treasury is said to be very rich, and to contain charters granted by Charlemagne.

A peculiar feature of Chur is the mountain-torrent of the Plessur, which flows rapidly through the town, in a deep, walled cut, and empties itself into the young Rhine in the plain beyond. Opposite, rises the solemn, slate-colored range of the Calanda. A hillock, just outside the town, on the Julier Road, the Rosenhügel, has been prettily laid out as a park and point of view. When the annual drills are on,

the long white barracks on the road to Ems are full of dark-blue militia-men; and every Sunday morning they march to the cathedral for early Mass, unarmed, with bands playing.

On the whole, the people are somewhat better-looking than in German Switzerland. The prevailing type is black-haired and strong-eyed, *crétins* being rarely seen. German is gradually supplanting the old Romansch language; still one would say that some of the beautiful pronunciations of the Latin survive, for the German that is spoken in Chur is far pleasanter than that of other parts of Switzerland.

The Raetian Museum may be recommended to those who have time to spare for sight-seeing; not so much on account of the portraits of local worthies, and the collection of stained glass and coins, as for a really remarkable Dance of Death. This consists of seventeen frescos, after designs made by Holbein, which were cut from the walls of the Episcopal Palace. There are also some rare inscriptions on stone, in the undeciphered language of the Lepontii, a tribe of Ligurian origin, which

occupied Ticino before the advent of the Romans.

Chur is, of course, an important starting-point for several passes, notably the Julier and Splügen. The railroad that comes up the Rhine Valley stops here; and if you speak to the people of the advantage of carrying it farther, say, over to Chiavenna, they urge that their town would thereby cease to be a stopping-place, and become one merely of transit.

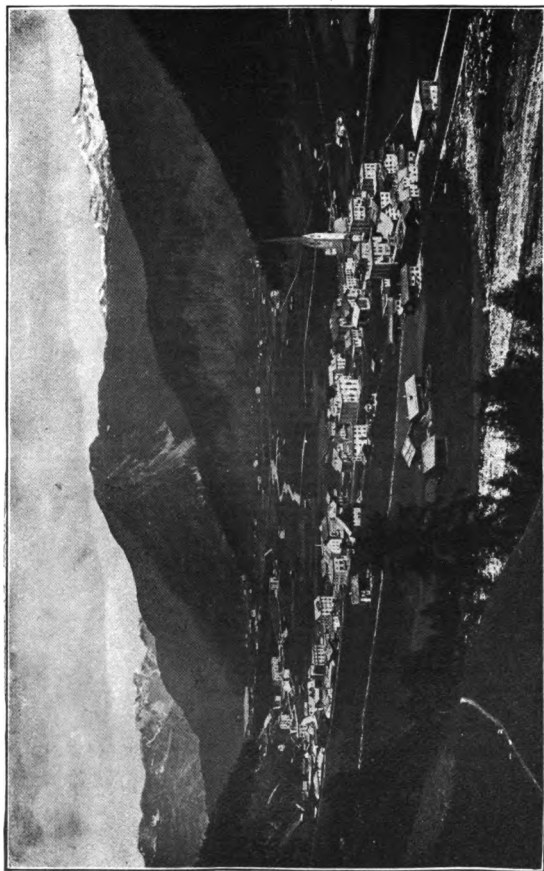
In the mean time, the main stream of travellers pours from Landquart to Davos, and up to the highlands of the Engadine.

Imagine a long valley, about six thousand feet above the sea-level, with hardly a turn for sixty miles. It is the top of many passes, a region almost treeless and untilled, but full of villages and health-resorts. During the long winter, it is the haunt of invalids; its short-lived summer is gay with a rush of tourists, for a silent atmosphere, bracing and life-giving, reigns almost undisturbed throughout the year.

In 1862, the local practitioner of Davos, Dr. Spengler, published a paper in the

*Deutsche Klinik*, calling attention to the fact that phthisis was unknown in the Engadine, and that the Davosers who had contracted pulmonary diseases elsewhere, were quickly cured upon their return. Three years after, a German physician, Dr. Unger, and a friend of his, both consumptives, decided to test the effect of the climate upon themselves. They were soon cured; and thus arose the remarkable winter-season treatment at Davos.

Medicines are practically discarded, for mountain air and sunshine are counted upon to effect the cures. Exercise and good food are necessary supplements. The snow lies for about seven months, and the thermometer often falls far below zero (Fahrenheit). And yet consumptives can go sleigh-riding and tobogganing, walk under the falling snow, or sit upon their balconies in the sunshine. The worst winds are practically excluded from Davos, and so the cold is clear and dry. Of course, life is necessarily somewhat monotonous in those altitudes, in spite of every effort made by hotel proprietors. One must bring re-



DAVOS.



sources within one's self, to winter in the Engadine. Then, when the spring comes, with its melting snows and impassable roads, invalids are obliged to descend to Montreux, Lugano, or some Italian resort. The change to a moist, relaxing atmosphere is generally very trying to them.

Agriculture does not really exist in the Engadine, but the pastures are particularly in demand. From time immemorial, the inhabitants have let them to Bergamesque shepherds, who come up from the Italian side every summer, bronzed, and clad in dirty sheepskins, — primitive and Pan-like beings, that seem to be survivors of an aboriginal race. When the hay is not gathered and bought by the Italians, you may come across many a pretty native scene. The people work in the distinctive costumes of their district; the men wield the hay forks, the women the rakes. Their natural attitudes are full of meaning to the sculptor. One wonders how the people of the Engadine occupied their time before the advent of hotels. Many of them, however, emigrate to various parts of Europe, to make money as confectioners

and restaurant-keepers. When they have amassed enough, they return to their lofty valley, and spend the rest of their days in comfort.

Any land which has had the late John Addington Symonds for a constant guest and admirer, may well consider itself fortunate. This warm-hearted and versatile man of letters spent the better part of thirteen years in the Engadine, fighting against the encroachment of disease. During that time, he published twenty odd volumes, principally upon art, and the history of art. In 1892, he issued "Our Life in the Swiss Highlands," in collaboration with his daughter Margaret. After Symonds's valuable and true picture of life in the Engadine, the writer feels that there is but little for him to say. The book is an account of experiences and excursions, containing much information about the history of the district and the character of the people. Symonds took a vital personal interest in the doings of his Alpine neighbors. He learned to know them intimately.

"Good-breeding," he writes of them, "a

high average of intelligence, active political instincts, manliness, and sense of personal freedom, are conspicuous, even among the poorer peasants. Nowhere, I take it, upon the face of the earth, have republican institutions and republican virtues developed more favorably. Nowhere is the social atmosphere of a democracy more agreeable at the present moment. What I have learned from my Graubünden comrades, and what I owe to them, cannot be here described in full. But their companionship has become an essential ingredient in my life, — a healthy and refreshing relief from solitary studies and incessant quill-driving."

How long the local character will be able to retain these republican virtues depends a great deal upon the industrial future of the Engadine. Political and social equality are based upon economic equality. If the marvellous growth of hotel-keeping and kindred occupations should by any chance enrich a few men, *at the expense* of the rest, it is safe to say that the present republican virtues will cease to have any meaning. Nothing short

of some arrangement by which the right of all the inhabitants to the natural opportunities of the valley can be safeguarded, will enable the Engadine to weather, unharmed, the extraordinary tide of popularity by which it has been visited.

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